

WEATHER FORCAST:

Tomorrow Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 55 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1906

NUMBER 253

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars.

Box Candies a Specialty
At the Postoffice News Stand

Ada Opera House

Eugene Laurant
Magician and Illusionist

Presenting a superb entertainment of original mystical creations. This magnificent attraction is one of the finest of its kind ever offered to the American people. This attraction positively carries over a ton of baggage, magnificent costumes and beautiful electrical effect.

"The Witch of the Flames"

At Opera House

Saturday Night Jan. 13

PRICES 50c AND 35c

Tickets on Sale Wednesday at Clark's Drug Store.

INDIAN INSPECTOR FILES

REPORT FOR FISCAL YEAR

Muskogee, I. T., Jan. 11.—The annual report of the Indian inspectors for Indian Territory, which was received here yesterday, contains much that is of interest. It is for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, and sets forth clearly the development of the country during the twelve months that are embraced.

The population is estimated at 700,000, a growth of nearly 100 per cent in five years. During the year there was mined from the coal mines in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations 2,859,516 tons of coal and the royalties collected amounted to \$245,553.56. The royalties from the asphalt mines is small item, being \$2,569.80. Considerably over 100,000 acres of land are being mined and are under mining leases in those nations. More

than 300 townsites have been platted and sold by the government, covering over 75,000 acres and bringing into the nations as follows: Creek \$105,379, Cherokee \$139,389, and Choctaw and Chickasaw jointly \$541,749. The total amount collected for townsites since the payments began in all the nations aggregates \$2,185,504. The report is very comprehensive in regard to the schools, lands, taxes, the public roads and other statistics of interest mainly to the settler.

Konawa Deeds Ready.

W. A. Holifield returned at noon from Konawa. He reports that George Northcut, the M. K. & T. townsit man, will begin to issue the deeds to Konawa lots next Monday. After two years delay this will be agreeable intelligence to parties interested in real estate in that place.

OPERA HOUSE MONDAY JAN. 15
ONE NIGHT ONLY



Raver and Darnaby Presents Their Musical
Comic Opera Success

"BEAUTIFUL BAGDAD"

50 People in Cast. Symphony Orchestra, 10 Big Vaudeville Numbers, Pretty Electric Effects, Special Scenery, Handsome Costumes, A Big Beauty Chorus

Positively the best attraction here this season. Cast headed by Miss Clara Mae Adams, sweet-voiced Prima Donna, and a Big Company.

"Beautiful Bagdad" Opera House One Night Only, Jan. 15
Prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00 Free List Suspended

MYSTERIOUS DEATHS THAT APPEAR TO BE MIRACULOUS

The uneasy story given below might be passed as a piece of "yellow journalism" rot, but for the fact that a citizen of Ada happens to know several of the unfortunate persons who figure in the chain of tragedy. Mr. W. H. Grammar who has lived in North Ada for two years, a baker by trade, formerly lived neighbors in Texas with Smith and the Daileys, and was familiar with the controversy referred to, and knew of the other people mentioned below. He has written to his daughter at Galveston for corroboration of the miraculous occurrences.

The following strange story was sent to the Chicago Record-Herald from Galveston: "Death from a strange malady which physicians say they have never before seen or heard of has overtaken ten men who were connected with the suit over a piece of property given to an undertaker by a widow in payment for her husband's coffin. The belief is widespread in this vicinity that the deaths are a judgment from heaven. So terrifying have been the manifestations of what is believed to be the divine wrath that even the county officials refuse to

have anything more to do with the case, which probably never will be adjudicated, at least in the present generation. The case is that of George E. Smith against John Dail. Both men died soon after suit was brought of the strange disease which specialists were unable to diagnose or treat. Then Thomas Brick, the district clerk who filed the suit, fell a victim to the same mysterious avenger. Three lawyers participated in the "widow's coffin suit," as it is called—Clegg Stewart, Forester Rose and William T. Austin. Within a few days all three became ill and died of the peculiar disease for which no remedy could be found. Then Judge William H. Stewart, who tried the case and who but a few days before had rendered a decision in the case and granted a new trial, fell a victim, and in a short time expired. Alexander Bartlingcock and C. A. Sias were employed to survey the land in preparation for the new trial. Scarcely had they completed their task when they fell ill and died. J. F. Simmons, the district clerk, laughed at the fears of the superstitious, and made preparations for the new trial. On Thursday last he died."

STATEHOOD BILL IN THE MIDST OF BAD TANGLE

Washington, Jan. 11.—Mr. Babcock, who is leading the insurrection against the statehood bill, was engaged today in getting signatures to an agreement which may be likened to articles of war, since every man who signs pledges his honor to fight against the tyranny of the Committee on Rules.

At the close of the day Mr. Babcock assured all inquiries that he had obtained forty-seven signatures. Lieutenants of the speaker expressed some skepticism, but at the same time they forebore to predict when the statehood bill will be brought in.

That the statehood bill is in the midst of a bad tangle is undeniable. The most sanguine hope that one can entertain for it is that it may pass late in the session. The opposition in the Senate to statehood for New Mexico and Arizona is irreconcilable, and it is made up of the majority of that body. If the House should pass the omnibus bill the Senate will separate the two propositions and then it will

make of Oklahoma and Indian Territory a sacrifice on the altar of its stubbornness. The general opinion is that it will not.

Minneapolis Hotel Fire.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 11.—Eight persons dead from suffocation or leaping from a fireproof building, a score of people more or less injured by having their hands cut and gashed from smashing in windows, a magnificent property subjected to the ravages of the fire, smoke, and water, is an epitome of the disaster which befell the West Hotel at 7:20 o'clock yesterday.

The fire in itself was insignificant, being confined to the elevator shaft and the top floor in the corner of the building, but the wild excitement which followed the first alarm hurried people into halls and out upon window ledges in a frantic attempt to save themselves.

It was the huge volume of smoke that stampeded the guests, and the moment a door was opened the room was filled with smoke and the panic stricken guests were compelled to beat out the windows to prevent instant suffocation.

DR. HARPER OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY PASSES AWAY

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 11.—Dr. William R. Harper, president of the Chicago University, died at 2.15 last afternoon.

It was announced early in the day that Dr. Harper's condition was critical, and later it was asserted by Dr. Frank G. Billings that in his opinion Dr. Harper would not survive longer than the end of this week. The death of Dr. Harper, however, came

more suddenly than had been anticipated.

Dr. Harper had for two years been suffering from a cancer located at the head of the large intestine. Almost to the last Dr. Harper continued his work, laboring with great energy on some books relating to the Hebrew language which it was his intention to publish.

Dr. Harper was born in New Concord, Ohio, in July, 1866.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Henryetta fancy lump, \$6.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead by telling the people of Ada that he is connected with me in the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlors. Everything first class.

L. N. JAMES Mgrs. POOL

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave.,

Phone 64.

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes a suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop, Ada, I. T.
(Over Freeman's Store)

15 DAYS ONLY \$10.00 off on all Tailor Made Suits
One-half off on all Misfits
Chitwood, The Tailor.

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.

The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments

Phone No. 122

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President. **INO. L. BARRINGER,** Vice President.
FRANK JONES, Cashier. **ORVILLE SNEAD,** Asst. Cashier.

Capital Stock, - - - - - \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, - - - - - 20,200.00

Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

Corey was at the Carnegie dinner, all right, but he didn't eat more than half his pie.

Intrigue, mystery, love are the signs of a popular novel, but what weary signs they are!

The Chee Foo and several other able liars appear to have settled in the Panama Canal belt.

A Pittsburg man has just shelled out \$10,000 to a St. Louis girl who wanted to be his "Easter egg."

"Castro Getting Pacific," says a newspaper headline. Castro had better confine his energies to the Atlantic.

When we look at all the trouble Joe Letter gets into, we realize that being a poor young man has its advantages, after all.

Spain is about to close the library founded by Christopher Columbus at Seville. It has just learned that he was an Italian.

A Chicago doctor says that no man should smoke more than three cigars a day. We can almost hear Mark Twain say, "Huh!"

Wonders will never cease. A man actually had the nerve to come into ye editor's sanctum and try to sell us some life insurance.

Count Witte says the Russian revolutionary party is small but determined. From this distance it looks large but indeterminate.

It has cost Boston \$6,500,000 for beans during the past year. It will be a sad day for Boston when the bean trust gets things cornered.

With a knowledge of the facts made public concerning "Fads and Fancies," that book ought to sell well as a curious revelation of assinnity.

Martha Craig, who says she was on earth 2,000 years ago, will probably turn out to be press agent for a new bloom of youth at \$1 per bottle.

It is a safe guess that the Baltimore editor who says the prettiest girls in America are in his town never was west of the Alleghenies in his life.

A woman's club is advocating "fewer but better babies." Our own babies could not be better. The improvement is desired on other persons' children.

It is worthy of remark that occasionally there is a man with an income of more than \$1,000 a year who finds it hard to persuade anybody to marry him.

Manhattan's drink bill figures up \$135,500,000 a year, and yet the newspaper humorists still prate about the bibulousness of the Kentucky colonels!

Speaking of the way the government's policy has been conducted, Witte says that "to err is human." This looks a good deal like a knock at "divine right."

The biggest pipe dream yet was that of the Michigan student who said the bowl of his pipe was hot enough from smoking to brand the flesh of a fellow student.

Uncle Andy sat between Schwab and Corey at the Carnegie dinner. If they entertained him with anecdotes of their experiences he must have had an interesting time.

The Russian grand dukes have probably decided by this time that "a mere strike" may have all the disagreeable consequences of a revolution, with a lot of extras added.

When the trousseau makers and other women folk take possession of the white house the president may be surprised to learn how unimportant a figure in the household he really is.

A Frenchman has invented an apparatus that will enable a man to sign checks 1,000 miles away. Good scheme! Our checks are no good if we sign them less than 1,000 miles away.

Reading that the latest returns from Saskatchewan give the government a good working majority, our Russian friends may be excused from remarking pittingly, "O, those American names!"

The National Civic Federation learns that immigrants do not settle in the parts of the country that need them. We may remark that we know several natives who refuse to settle, wherever they are.

A girl asked me what I thought would be the nicest thing to put in her stocking. I told her I couldn't think of anything better than what she already had in it, and then she got mad. Some girls are never satisfied.—Boston Globe.

The world pauses, spellbound and entranced, as it hears the marvelous tone of the Bernhardt admonishing her escort: "Be careful; don't step on my dress." How womanly! What dramatic power and naturalness lie in the simple words!

GOT MUSIC THAT HE ENJOYED.

Farmer Called for Popular Airs, and Leader Obeyed.

Uncle Joe Rich of Guildhall, Vt., was a character. He was a well-to-do farmer, and kept open house to his friends. Rotund and jovial, and dressed in his Sunday suit, blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, buff vest and black silk hat, he was a noticeable figure. He attended all the dances, could cut a pigeon wing to "beat the band," and was a great favorite with the boys.

One fall after the crops were stored they invited him to take a week's trip to Boston to see the sights with them. One night after supper, which was washed down with a liberal supply of champagne, "Uncle Joe" was taken to the theatre, the party occupying a box.

The old man was at his best. As he sat down and looked the audience over the orchestra struck up an operatic selection. He wanted to know "what kind of a cussed tune" that was, anyway. This selection was followed by another. He wiped his beaming face and bald head with a red silk bandanna which he pulled out of his silk tile, and walked around un- easily.

Finally he could stand it no longer. Leaving over the box, he shouted, waving his hat: "Say, Mr. Fiddlers, if you've got those fiddles tuned give us 'Fisher's Hornpipe' or 'Devil's Dream.'" This brought down the house, and the band struck up the music the old man wanted.

"Bill" Was Out of the Smoke.

In the vicinity of Paris Hill, Me., a generation or thereabout ago, lived a man named William Young, who was known as "Bill" Young. Although it was conceded he was hardly upto par intellectually, and was accordingly the butt of jokes, his replies were always witty and sure to provoke laughter.

On one occasion, in celebrating a presidential election, it is said, the boys decided to put up a poke on the old man. They had an old "muzzle-loader," which they filled nearly half-full of black powder, wads, etc., and informed him he must fire it. "Bill" demurred, on the ground that the charge was too heavy, but on being told it was the only way he could show his loyalty to the Republican party he consented.

Taking the gun somewhat gingerly, he fired, and was, of course, bowled over and over by the recoil of the heavy musket.

One of the boys, a safe distance away, and doubled up with laughter, managed to gasp: "Say, Bill, what are you down there for?"

"Huh! To get out th' smoke," retorted "Bill," slowly and painfully picking himself up out of the dirt.

Upset Clerical Dignity.

The minister who had the reputation of never relaxing from his dignity was trying to prove to a few congenial friends that the reputation was not deserved. "Why, one day I laughed right out in the pulpit," he said, "and I did not get over the disgrace of it for several weeks. But it was one of those times when my sense of humor got the better of my ministerial calm."

"It was one hot summer day, and my church was very close to a house. The windows of the church were open, and we could hear distinctly the murmur of voices next door. I had just offered prayer, and there was the intense silence which always follows an invocation. In the solemn silence a woman's harsh voice screamed:

"John, where are the nalis?" And a gruff voice answered: "In the coffee pot, you fool. You put them there yourself."

Bad Company.

A Glasgow holiday-maker was brought up on a charge of drunk and disorderly.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" said the magistrate. "You look respectable and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I'm verra sorry, sir, but I came up in bad company from Glesca," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?" "A lot of teetotalers," was the startling response.

"What, sir!" cried the bailie (a teetotaler) in rage, "do you mean to say that abstainers are bad company? I think they are the best of company for such as you, sir."

"Beggin' your pardon," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrang, for I had a hale mutchkin of whiskey an' I had to drink it a' misel."—Birmingham Post.

And Thayer Got the Fox.

A member of the Worcester (Mass.) Fur Club once took the Hon. John R. Thayer for a day's hunt. A fox was readily started. Stopping at a cross-road, the host told his guest to ride on to a certain tree at the bend of the road. Mr. Thayer started off, but went to a well known runaway. He and Reynard got there at the same time, and the latter was done for.

Mr. Thayer then drove to the oak tree, and was beginning to skin the fox, when the host came up and said: "Well, well, I never knew a fox to run there before."

"Neither did I," blandly replied Thayer.

Not Enough Present.

"Hi, there, youse two!" yelled the stevedore; "handle that gunpowder careful!"

"Why?" demanded the two handlers in chorus.

"Don't you know some o' that same powder exploded a couple o' years ago an' blowed up ten men?"

"Well," replied one of the workmen, "shure that couldn't happen now. There's only two of us here."

Fredericksburg

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
And on the churchyard by the road, I know
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow
'Twas such a night two weary summers fled;
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.
Listen! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow
Where the swift currents of the river flow
Past Fredericksburg; far off the heavens are red
With sudden conflagration; on yon height
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath;
A signal rocket pierces the dense night,
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath;
Hark!—the artillery massing on the right.
Hark!—the black squadrons wheeling down to death!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A BOTANICAL DEDUCTION

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Allene was not a debutante, but this was the eve of her coming-out party. After she had been graduated from the fashionable finishing school she had spent two years abroad with her aunt and cousins as traveling companions. So she had mingled but little in the society of her home city since she was a school girl.

During these last four years, her heart had fluttered in many ways but flown in none, and she was still heart whole, though not exactly fancy free, and she was looking forward with some curiosity as to the men she would meet to-night.

Among the many offerings of flowers she had received in honor of the coming event, three boxes had particularly attracted her interest. One held the conventional, glorious American beauties, longstemmed and full blossomed. The box was accompanied by the visiting card, correct in every detail, of Mr. Schuyler Elton Van Rensler, whom she had first met while at school in New York. He had joined her aunt's party once or twice in their travels, and by invitation he was to be present at her home-coming party.

"The flowers and card are like him," she thought—"the very best to be had—faultlessly faultless. American beauties are, of course, beyond criticism, but dead perfection bores me—some times."

The next box held her favorite flower, violets. Instead of a card, a note met her eye as she lifted the cover. She recognized the boyish scrawl with a little thrill of pleasure. Ned Holmes, four years her senior, had been her attendant back in the high school days. How proud she had been to receive letters from a student, and a junior at that. She had been to his college town to see him play football, and had in consequence been the envy of her classmates.

"You see I have not forgotten your favorite flower," he wrote. "I trust that you are still loyal to your choice; also that you have not forgotten your friend of school-day times."

It gave her pleasure now to recall those days, and of course, it was flattering to have her tastes so well remembered. The third box! what a blissful day was recalled by the delicate odor of the large bunch of wake robins reposing on their bed of moss! It was like the donor, she reflected, to enclose neither note nor card—simply a message from the woods—the reminder of one perfect, never-to-be-forgotten day.

It had been during a brief visit home in the spring of her last year at the city school when she was but eighteen, and her head was filled with dreams of ideals. All her favorite heroes she likened unto Kenneth Allen, the son of their family physician. She had been called home on account of the illness of her mother. Dr. Allen, senior, was away from home, and his son, Kenneth, who had been



Three boxes.

practicing with his father for the past two years, was called in. His treatment of the case and her mother's speedy recovery had shown that he was a competent and skillful doctor.

Hitherto Allene had seen but little of Kenneth. He had been away at college, a year in a hospital in New York and a year in Berlin. He avoided all social functions and seemed shy with women. In her mother's sickroom, however, there had sprung up one of those swift, strong friendships and perception of each other's thoughts that so rarely come to one.

When Mrs. Witherton was quite convalescent, Allene had followed the

young doctor out onto the porch one day as he was departing.

"My father returns to-day," he said abruptly, "and I am going to give myself a holiday."

"Where are you going?" she asked. "In the woods? Will you go with me? You need some out-door life, too."

That afternoon in the beautiful woods where they had gathered huge handfuls of wake robins always stood out as the threshold of her maidenhood. His eyes had spoken though his lips had been silent.

"I return to school to-morrow," she



His flowers.

had said wistfully, as they were parting.

His eyes grew darker, but he had only bidden her a conventional goodbye.

"I hope Kenneth isn't in love with Allene," she had overheard her mother say to her father that night.

"Allene is a child," had been the reassuring reply, and Kenneth is too proud to tell a rich man's daughter of his love."

Her heart had only been touched, not stirred. Many times during her prolonged absence she had thought of him, but now the flowers had smote the chord of memory sharply and she vividly recalled that summer afternoon.

"Which flowers shall I carry to-night?" she debated, "the roses are really the most appropriate, but I don't want to encourage Schuyler yet. I love violets, but if I carry them it will be a rebuff to Schuyler and—the wild flowers, well! They are out of the question. They would wilt instantly, and it would be cruel to kill their loveliness in a ballroom."

When Kenneth Allen was wending his unwonted way to the party, all his thoughts were of Allene.

"I almost dread to see her," he mused. "Will she be as lovely and unspoiled as she was then, and will she have remembered me? I am in a position now where it would not be so presuming to win her love as it would have been then. I wonder whose flowers she will carry to-night?"

He had been at the express office when Van Rensler had called to see if his roses had arrived, and he had also chanced in at the florist's when Ned was ordering the violets.

"Anyway, she wouldn't carry those wild flowers, and I did not mean she should. I wonder if she will know who sent them?"

He came into the reception room, and again the fairest face in the world was raised to his. She gave him a cordial greeting, but his jealous eyes could detect no difference in her manner of meeting others present. She carried no flowers. He saw the roses in a vase and the violets in a bowl, but no wake robins were in sight, nor did she refer to them in any way. He secured a dance with her, but not a word was spoken. Then followed a moment or two in the conservatory, but she did not allude to the flowers nor former days, and he was too proud to do anything but follow her lead.

She was surrounded by a little knot of friends throughout the evening and he did not see her again until he went to bid her good night. She drew him one side.

"I found a little picture in one of the studios in Paris that I know you will like," she said. "At what hour to-morrow can you come and see it?"

"Any hour—the earliest you can receive me."

"Eleven o'clock, then," she said. He went home with his heart torn with the conflict of hope and doubt.

When he called the next morning,

he found her in her own special morning room. She was fair and dainty in a white linen gown. In a blue bowl on the table were his flowers. His heart gave a wild leap.

"They are not just the fashionable flowers for a ballroom," he said with a smile.

"That was not the reason I did not carry them," she replied.

"What was the reason?" he demanded.

"I will tell you—sometime."

That time came quicker than she expected. In fact, an hour later when she had promised to be his wife.

"Won't you tell me why you did not carry the flowers?" he persisted.

"They were too lovely to carry into a heated room, but in any event I would not have carried your flowers until I knew that the thought I had of you was merely a young girl's fancy, or a deeper feeling. As soon as I saw you come into the room last night my heart told me what I have told you—and so I was glad I had kept my flowers and their message for to-day."

NO REAL REASON FOR WORRY.

Philosopher Was Making Deductions Without the Facts.

Dancing school was out and as the flashing lights of glittering equipages blinked down one of the principal thoroughfares, homeward bound, the amateur philosopher, standing on a corner, remarked to a friend:

"After all, sometimes I'm glad my brood is being reared in moderate circumstances. Those little ones, snuggled in those luxurious carriages behind the proud, cold, aristocratic coachmen, look very comfortable. They're expensively and beautifully dressed, but—"

"If there are going to be many chapters of this I hope they'll end pleasantly," interrupted the friend. "I've just read a book in which the heroine, after page on page of poignant, restless life, took choral, and I'm nervous."

"I was going to say," continued the philosopher, undisturbed, "that one night last winter I was watching this procession of varnished vehicles. It was a wild tempestuous night; the snow was caught up in gusts and hurled against defenseless pedestrians. Ahead of me was a boy, poorly clad, his hand in his father's, beating against the blast. At first the contrast between him and those sheltered children pained me. Then I reflected that they missed much in life that he enjoyed. He could play in the dirt and sand and romp with all kinds of boys and girls, while they had to mind their manners and their governesses and could never soil their clothes."

"You'd make me snuffle if you were right," again broke in the matter-of-fact friend. "Those rich children can have everything they want. If they ask for ponies and automobiles they get them; and if they cry for mud pies they get mud pies. They're as happy as larks. It's well enough to have emotions; but when you let go of them you should chart out your course properly and not drift around aimlessly. You've been moulting and taking on over nothing."—Providence Journal.

His Compliment.

A New York publisher has a reputation for employing the homeliest stenographers and typewriters in the city. Efficiency rather than beauty is what he wants, and he knows the prettiest ones are not the most efficient. Just the same, it is said of him, that he doesn't know a pretty woman when he sees one. Still his wife is an unusually handsome woman.

Not long ago she came into his office, where she appears only at rare intervals, and only when it is absolutely necessary. She was met by an office boy, a bright Irish lad, who had never seen her. She asked for Mr. Blank.

"Who shall I say wants to see him, mem?" he inquired.

"His wife," she replied.

He looked at her in open-eyed surprise and genuine admiration.

"Sure, mem, and I'll tell him," he said, starting off, "and bad cess to him that says he has no taste in ladies, mem."

To Start a Balking Horse.

The account of a driver's brutality to a balking horse in a recent issue leads me to write you the following:

Some years ago in Cincinnati, during the noon hour in one of the busiest streets, a horse attached to an express wagon became balky. Many remedies were tried without effect. Presently one of Cincinnati's best known horsemen came along. When he saw the trouble he smilingly asked for a stone, which was given to him. Then he asked the driver to lift up one foot of the horse and with the stone he struck the shoe a number of times.

"Now," he said to the driver, "get up on your seat and drive off."

This the driver did, amid cheers of the bystanders. The horseman said he had no idea why this made a balking horse go, but he had found it an unfailing remedy.—Letter in New York Times.

"Mike's" Ability Questioned.

When "Jim" Bresnahan was boss on that section of the Boston and Maine railroad between Peabody and Salem he had in his employ his nephew "Mike," a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle. One morning on joining his men he remarked the absence of "Mike," and, after inquiry, was told that "Mike" had gone to oil the hand-car.

"What-at! Gone to oil th' hand-car!" exclaimed Bresnahan, in astonishment. "You go roight after him, an' take that ole roight away from him! Sure 'what' do he know about olein' machine-a-ree!"

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

A Classical Song.
Venus was a perfect lady,
As regards the shape,
Done in poetry or marble—
That you can't escape!
Though there were suspicions out,
She could them afford to flout,
Being, as none could doubt,
Such a perfect lady!

Diana was a modest maiden,
So declared they all;
But I think the lovely lady
Had a lovely gall!
Chasing "stags" was her employ,
Which is wrong, unless the boy
Has a million—then it's joy
For a modest maiden.

Very wise indeed, Minerva,
Athens' special lover,
She who sprang full-arm'd (remember?)
From the brow of Jove!
She religiously eschewed
Tendency unto the nude,
Kept her armour always glued
On her, wise Minerva!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Autograph Fiend Not Modern.

A certain atossa in early Roman days seems to have been the mother of autograph collectors. Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one, for he speaks of it with particular pride. The fever, even in those far-back days was contagious.

Pliny speaks of Pompeius Secundus, at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at \$15,000 of our money.

Then came the inrush of barbarians, and we do not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the 16th century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase, and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.—Stray Stories.

Misfortunes of Royal Johns.

John I. of Bohemia was blind; John I. pope, was imprisoned by Alaric, king of the Goths; and Pope John X. was driven from Rome by Guy, duke of Tuscany. John XI. pope, was supposed to have been poisoned by his brother, Alberic, who kept him a prisoner in the lateran. John XIV. also died in prison from poison or starvation. John XV. ascended the papal throne after the murder of Boniface, and was forced to flee to Tuscany, where he died of fever. Nor was John XVI. more fortunate, for he was dubbed the "anti-pope," and after a varied career, which lasted only 11 months, he was brutally tortured and then consigned to a dungeon, whence he never emerged alive.

Thought Duck's Advent a Warning.

The walking south through town of a wild goose that had become exhausted in flight or wounded, says the Miller correspondent St. Paul Dispatch, recalls the incident of a few years ago when a wild duck in its swift pilgrimage south at night flew through a window in the old court house into a room where a party of card players were enjoying themselves, leaving them in the dark, as the bird struck the lamp and put out the light. One or two of the party would not play after that, believing that the duck had been sent by the Lord as a warning against card playing.

Kittens Born While on Journey.

Joseph Kline, a merchant of St. Michaels, Md., while opening a box of goods packed in excelsior, from New York, discovered a handsome cat and four pretty kittens, which were not yet old enough to have their eyes open. Mr. Kline says the box had probably been packed a week, and it is also probable the kittens were born during the journey from New York.

Disrespectful Looks Costly.

It is not uncommon for a lawyer in this country to be fined for expressing his contempt of court verbally, but abroad barristers are held to a stricter accountability. During a recent case at Darmstadt one of the counsel was declared by the judge to have looked at him "in a manner highly disrespectful." For this offense the counsel was fined \$10.

Wireless Telegraphy at Night.

Wireless telegraphy is one of the things that loves darkness rather than light. Messages at night go three times as far as in the day. The longest range to the credit of our navy department is 1,600 miles—from Long Island, N. Y., to Porto Rico. Operators at Newport, R. L. and St. Augustine, Fla., frequently converse at night.

Successful "Lumberwoman."

Miss Clara Stimson of Houlton, Mass., is called the great lumber woman of Aroostook. She runs mills, has crews in the woods, "permits" stumpage from owners of timber land and sells the finished product. The other day she put through a single deal which netted her the tidy sum of \$1,500.

Showing Value of Punctuation.

Punctuation counts for a lot, as is shown by this sign, which used to adorn a Manchester, N. H., blacksmith shop: J. Welcome horse. Shoeing and all kinds of jobbing in. Wood and iron. It was doubtless meant to read: J. Welcome. Horse shoeing and all kinds of jobbing in wood and iron.

Bass Kills "Muskie"; Dies.

A party of hunters on Pelican lake, Wisconsin, found frozen in the ice a thirty-five pound muskellunge with a three and one-half pound white bass in its mouth. The bass had worked its head through the gills of the muskellunge, causing the death of both.

DON'T DESPAIR.

Read the Experience of a Minnesota Woman and Take Heart.

If your backache aches, and you feel sick, languid, weak and miserable day after day—don't worry. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women in the same condition. Mrs. A. Helman of Stillwater, Minn., says: "But for Doan's Kidney Pills I would not be living now. They cured me in 1899 and I've been well since I used to have such pain in my back that once I fainted. The kidney secretions were much disordered, and it was so far gone that I was thought to be at death's door. Since Doan's Kidney Pills cured me I feel as if I had been pulled back from the tomb."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Holidays in Japan

There are three national holidays in Japan. January 1 is one of them, and the birthday of the reigning emperor, November 3, is another. But February 11 is the greatest of the three dates, for it is the anniversary of the coronation of the first emperor, Jimmu.

Stands Head.

There is something about Hunt's Lightning Oil that no other liniment possesses. Others may be good, but it is surely the best. It does all you recommend it for, and more. For sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, aches and pains, it has no equal on earth. It stands head on my medicine shelf. Very truly yours,

T. J. Brownlow,
Livingston, Tenn.

Nell—Mrs. Newlywed says the baby has her complexion and her husband's hair.

Bell—I wondered what had become of them.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 8-ounce packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Pa's Opinion

"So your son is home for the holidays, is he?"

"He claims that's it, but my private opinion is that he's home for more money."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROWN'S Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

There are more lobsters in the theatrical profession than the tank dramas would indicate.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A woman will always admit she does not know as much as a man if she knows a lot more.

BOY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA.

Mouth and Eyes Covered With Crusts—Hands Pinned Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little boy was six months old, he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest, and back, in short the whole body was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down; otherwise he would scratch his face and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa., June 5, 1905."

While the ballots continue to fall silently, as of yore, some of the watchers at the polls in New York fall with a dull thud.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

Some people think they have done their duty if they express a willingness to do it.

BEAR DISTURBS QUIET HAMLET.

Seems to Have Settled for Winter in Maryland Village.

Travelers reaching here from the vicinity of Pen Mar report the presence in that neighborhood of a giant bear, which appears to be making an extended study of the advantages of this place as a popular winter resort.

The animal seems perfectly at home and is reported as paying regular calls at poultry houses and pigstys, and has recently been found on the back porch of one home drinking the contents of a milk crock which had been set out to secure the benefit of the cool mountain air. On this occasion he was chased off by the lady of the house with a feather duster, the only weapon which she possessed at the time, her husband having taken the broom out in the woods to sweep up some persimmons.

The bear was first officially reported by the crew of a trolley car of the electric railway that runs from Waynesboro to Pen Mar. It was a dark night, and the motorman, as his car howled merrily up to the Pen Mar station, saw a dark object, which he thought was a waiting passenger, at the side of the track.

As the car came within a few feet of the creature the bear straightened himself up on his hind legs. McLaughlin reversed the current, blew out the fuse and ran into the car, fastened the door and crawled under a seat. Bruin sniffed around for a while and then trotted off.

Saturday night it made its appearance again and left behind a trail of chicken feathers and pig tails, the remnants of its raids upon numerous back yards. A party will be organized this week to go out and hunt the bear down. It has not only done considerable damage but has caused any amount of excitement.—Hagerstown correspondence Baltimore American.

GYPSIES HOARDED FACE SOAP.

Officers of Vessel Surprised and Gladly Furnish Stuff.

Cleanliness is not a characteristic of the children of Romany, but this fact did not enter the minds of the officers of the Pacific Mail company's steamer San Jose on the last trip when they acquiesced to the request for soap each day, says the San Francisco Call.

It was not until the steamer reached the disembarking point that those connected with the vessel learned that they had fallen victims to the nomads. The soap which had been given the individuals each day was carefully hidden away, and on leaving the steamer they were burdened with cakes of soap accumulated during the trip.

The gypsies, numbering about twenty-five, boarded the steamer at Ancon and traveled to Mazatlan. They were an uncleanly lot, and when they washed no soap was used. This attracted the attention of an officer, and he handed a bar of soap to them.

As soon as his back was turned the piece was secreted. Their avarice was now aroused, and each day they would apply for soap. When the gypsies asked for it it was given without a question. The storekeeper and his superiors were in blissful ignorance of what was going on, but when the gypsies were marched off the vessel they were seen to be carrying huge bundles, which proved to be the soap of the Pacific Mail company.

A Bad Debt.

Don't talk to me of nature's debt,
Lord bless this world, I love it!
I love its blossoms dewy-wet,
I love the sikes above it!
I ain't a-thinkin' of no debts—
I see the blossoms blowin'—
No thought of debts my conscience frets,
I hear the cows a-lowin'!

And I ain't thinkin' of a thing
Except life's sunny weather,
Of thickets where the wild birds sing,
And you and me together!
Old nature's debt's an honest one,
Perhaps, I'll not gainsay it;
But life's so full of love an' fun
I ain't got time to pay it.

I ain't got time—Lord love you, sweet,
Your hand in mine here, honey!
Life's pastime tuggin' at my feet!
It's funny, honey, funny,
How glad I am to hear the cows
Contented far-off lowin'.

And walk with you where winds carouse
An' blossoms are a-blowin'!
So, it don't worry me at all,
This debt that I'm a-owin'!
I'm laughin' back the mock bird's call
Where sunlit streams are flowin'.
An' chasin' butterflies all day
Where laughin' winds are shovin',
And I ain't got no time to pay
I'm laughin', livin', lovin'!

—Houston Post.

Water About, but None to Drink.

Edgar Lewis is employed on a large stock farm in Newry, Me., owned by Walter A. Foster. During a cold spell last winter the water pipes which supplied water for the cattle at the barn froze. The cattle had to be driven to the river each day for water.

A rain storm had caused a brook to flow across the path, so the cattle had not been turned out for several days. Lewis went to his employer and said: "I am afraid the cattle will choke to death soon, for I have been unable to drive them to the river to several days on account of the brook."

"For heaven's sake, Ed," said Mr. Foster, "what is the brook made of?"

Privileges of Ambassadors.

An ambassador cannot be sued; in fact, he is exempted from all legal process by a statute which was passed to appease the wrath of Peter the Great of Russia, whose ambassador was actually arrested in London for a debt of \$250. Ambassadors are in all countries permitted the free exercise of their religion. They are exempted from direct taxation, they have special letter bags for their mails, and they pay no customs duties on anything they import. This latter privilege is, however, now subject to limitations, for it was formerly much abused in certain countries where high customs duties obtained.

TRUTH ABOUT THE LAND OF UR

District of Busy Cities Filled With Hum of Commerce.

We may gaze to-day, even as we walk the streets of London and Paris, upon immortal statues, and majestic obelisks, dainty jewels of gold and delicate silver vases, exquisite signets and vast libraries, maps and pictures, school boy exercises and children's toys, some of which were buried in oblivion two thousands years before Abraham was born. The land of Ur was no desolate expanse of pasturage; it was a hive of industry; a district of busy cities, the home of a thriving commerce of settled laws. It had its schools and monasteries, wherein were studied the lessons of an historic past of which its citizens were rightly proud. Abraham and his family were no mere Bedouin sheikhs—as Bible artists love to paint them—rugged, uncouth, unlettered, but men of influence and substance, whose wealth was secured by written conveyances, whose transactions in land and stock gave occupation to the lawyers. Only the poorer peasantry were denied the art of writing, and there seems no valid reason for resisting the broad claim made both in the Talmud and by Josephus that Abraham was abreast of the intellectual movements of his day.—Sunday Strand.

HAVE TITLES BUT NO MONEY

Aristocracy of Italy, in General, Is Miserably Poor.

There is an old Venetian adage which says "Conte che non conta non conta niente" ("a count who doesn't count [money] doesn't count for anything"). And this cynical proposition it is said represents fairly well the sentiment of the modern Italian. In that country the general feeling toward the titled aristocracy is of utter indifference. The lesser sort of titles are regarded as almost valueless, even by their possessors. "I have known," says a writer, "a case of a noble lord who followed the interesting occupation of a street scavenger. In a cafe in a certain Italian town I was habitually served by a waiter with the title of count and a name famous in Venetian history. And I am personally acquainted with a lord of ancient lineage whose title descended from a father engaged in the vocation of railway porter. In general, the aristocracy of Italy is miserably poor."

Chinese Etiquette.

Strangers meeting in China may freely ask one another their names, provinces and their business prospects. It is always considered a compliment to an old Chinaman to ask him his age, but the middle aged do not as a rule care for the question, and their answers can rarely be depended upon. It is also good form in China to ask the number and sex of a man's children, also if his father and mother are still living. His wife, however, must not be mentioned, even in the most indirect manner. Friends meeting, either or both in sedan chairs, stop their bearers at once and get out with all possible expedition. The same rule applies to acquaintances meeting on horseback.

The Nile Stripped of Romance.

Capt. E. S. Grogan, author of "The Nile as I Saw It," gives this description of a bit of scenery near the headwaters of the river of Egypt: "A long, slimy pool of putrefying reeds, where foul fish foregather and great pythons writhe and gorge themselves on hideous toads and slither, long, gleaming bands of gold, through labyrinths of foetid green and purple swamp; where the fireflies dance, great butterflies flash, dragon-flies glint, and the suck-suck of swamp, the roar of huge-bellied frogs, the cicada's scream, merge in a sad minor key; where in the ceaseless struggle between fruition and decay, death wins."

Ever Notice This?

You have looked at a clock thousands of times and yet not know that the four I's which are in place of the usual IV, are there because of the obstinacy of a king of France. When Henry de Vick carried to Charles V. the first really accurate clock, the monarch informed him that the IV. was wrong, and should be changed to IIII. Vick said, "You are wrong, your majesty." Whereat the king thundered out, "I am never wrong! Take it away and correct the mistake!" From that time to this day the four I's have stood as the mark of the fourth hour.

Full Particulars.

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question, "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person. The boy sat quite still as if pondering over some question and then, concluding that the full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-one."—Ladies Home Journal.

Grateful to the Mule.

Cotton must be plentiful with a few Billville citizens. To one of the fortunate cotton farmers there a neighbor addressed the following note recently:

"Will you please lend me two bales of cotton to take a mortgage off my mule? There is a sentiment in regard to this mule which induces me to ask this small favor. The mule went through the civil war with me, and went so fast not a Yankee could catch me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

King Edward's Chaplain

The oldest clergyman in England is the Rev. John Edward Kempe, who has been in holy orders for seventy-two years, being now ninety-five years of age. He has been chaplain-in-ordinary to King Edward since 1901.

Safes Safes Safes Safes

Fire proof safes are nearly one-half the price they were formerly, so we are informed by the F. L. Conger Safe Company, No. 16 West Grand avenue, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Purchasable Voters

John W. Kern a former democratic candidate for governor, is credited with the statement that in one Indiana county with 4,000 votes there are 3,000 purchasable democrats and republicans, about equally divided as to numbers.

Trials of Winter.

Do not permit yourself to be a victim to a cold or cough. They lead to pneumonia, consumption and elsewhere. Be wise; use Simmons' Cough Syrup. It cures coughs, heals lungs and will keep you right here to enjoy the beauties of spring.

Old Inn's Secret Chamber

A secret chamber, furnished in old oak, was unexpectedly discovered during the demolition of the Plough inn, Little Ealing, England. The inn is five hundred years old. The grandmother of Dick Turpin, the highwayman, once kept it.

When Your Grocer Says

he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

"How's your case coming?" inquired his sympathizing friend.

"It's all over but the alimony," returned the care-free man, wearily.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloes—
Rhubarb—
Sage—
Licorice—
Dandelion—
Senna—
Castor Oil—
Wheat Flour—

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

For Similar Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fletcher
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DROPS = 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only One

Genuine-Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the

California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine-Syrup of Figs—is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine-Syrup of Figs

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE



PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more good, brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. **MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.**

"Haven't I met you before?"
"Your face seems familiar."
"Well, I have been cured by several patent medicines."

It Will Stay There.

"In my family medicine chest no remedy is permitted to remain unless it proves beyond doubt the best to be obtained for its particular purpose."

"For treating all manner of skin troubles, such as Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, etc., Hunt's Cure has held its place for many years. I have failed to find a surer remedy. It cures itching instantly."

R. M. Swann,
Franklin, La.

A man frequently bows to the inevitable, though he has not been introduced.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

W. N. U.—Oklahoma City—No 1, 1906. **DEFIANCE STARCH** easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest.

A HOT BREAKFAST FOOD

Health and Strength follow its use.

DR. PRICE'S

WHEAT FLAKE CELERY

FOOD

has an advantage over all other foods. It can be eaten hot or cold. From the package ready to eat, or prepared by the addition of boiling milk. Stirred into boiling hot milk; to the consistency of mush, served hot with cream and sugar; for young children, elderly persons, invalids, all classes, there is no breakfast food that can compare with it. It's flavor delicious—satisfies hunger—easily digested and meets the needs of the entire body. You will never know what a good breakfast food is until you eat this food, served **Hot in Winter and Cold in Summer.**

Nutritious—Palatable—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat

My Signature on every package *Dr. J. C. Price*
Dr. Price, the famous food expert, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts.

FOR SALE BY ALL REPRESENTATIVE GROCERS
"10 Cents a Package. As much nourishment as three loaves of bread."

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER & CO., - - - PUBLISHERS
M. D. STEINER, - - - BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1869.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

In the Times-Journal's write-up of the big Jackson banquet at Oklahoma City there appears the following paragraph concerning the speech of our fellow townsman, Judge H. M. Furman:

"But the great impromptu speech of the evening was received from Judge Henry M. Furman of Ada, I. T., always mentioned as the probable candidate for the United States Senate from Indian Territory, should we get statehood. Mr. Furman is without any doubt a strong political factor and is very popular. He spoke strongly on the subject of the 'Sovereignty of the Citizens' and hit the keynote of the banquet and of the democratic gathering when he claimed that he wanted the senators from the two territories to be named by a primary. Loud calls for Senator Furman were heard at this time."

Whatever may be the ambitions of Judge Furman, his was a noteworthy address. The sentiments he expressed will be heartily endorsed by all patriotic people and be secretly cursed by the other sort whose purpose it is to thwart the will of the people. To the fact that the people have had no voice in the selection of many United States senators is attributable the deplorable disrepute into which the United States senate has fallen. The masses are waking up to their rights and their responsibilities and they will see that the new state of Oklahoma starts off right; that no man shall become senator through purchase, trade or intrigue. Ere long there will be a constitutional amendment providing for election of senators by popular vote. In the meantime the best makeshift and only alternative is to make every senatorial aspirant submit his chances to the party primary. This will not suit some of the so-called leaders and some of the "special interests" in the new state. But we confidently predict that the same will be done.

LOCAL NEWS

B. A. Mason left for Coalgate.

R. C. Couch went to Wewoka.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, phone 185, tf 193.

Frank Little arrived in town from Komona.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now photo work. 152-tf

Mrs. W. H. Wheeler is very sick today with pneumonia.

For fine confectionery and fruits the Elite leads. 26t 244

A. M. McKoy's little boy is right sick.

Dr. B. H. Erb, surgeon-dentist, Henley & Biles building, 233 tf

Good prairie hay for sale. J. L. Barringer. 253-3t

Mrs. Bettie Martin, after transacting business in Ada, went home to Lehigh.

The Elite Cafe serves the best short orders in the city. 26t 244

Dr. Guest, a kinsman of Mrs. A. H. Chapman, is here from Dustin, I. T.

Wedding announcements—the aptest kind—at the News office. tf

Stilwell H. Russell, of Ardmore is in the city on professional business.

Wedding invitations—latest styles—turned out at the News office. tf

J. H. Chosier, a prominent farmer of Roff, passed through en route to Mand.

Eugene Laurant, in his great illusion, "The Witch of the Flame," Saturday night, Jan. 13. 3t 252

Miss Kathryn Gater of North Vernon, a prominent newspaper woman of Indiana, is prospecting in the territory and is spending a few days in Ada.

Corn feed mill Katy depot. 252-3t

Miss Mollie Russell is quite sick with pneumonia.

Messrs. J. W. Hays and W. A. Alexander went to Stonewall today.

Parties wanting repair work done on electric lights or water works will phone me at No. 237, or leave orders at residence phone 157. Wm. Markham. 5t-251

Miss Claudia Moyer having completed a visit with her uncle, J. J. Luttrell, returned home to Pryor Creek today.

Miss Ella Scales after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Tom Hope returned today to her home at Hollenerville.

Laurant carries a ton of baggage and will transform the stage into a magician's palace. At opera house Saturday night, Jan. 13. 3t-252

Rev. Wharton, the new Christian pastor, is moving into the Mount Morris residence on South Broadway.

FOR RENT:—Two fine rooms for light housekeeping; also room for young men; one block of town. See Nash, at shoe store. 253 tf

Mrs. B. B. Beasley has been visiting her mother, Mrs. A. L. Thomas, and returned to Stonewall today.

N. B. Fizar of Gilmulgee, book agent for the Methodist Conference, is spending two or three days in the city.

Miss Edna Fancher, who is visiting in Oklahoma, is to be married next Saturday to E. J. French, an M. K. & T. conductor.

Rev. E. A. Wesson, the quoniam popular pastor of the Ada Baptist church, has removed from Hereford, Texas, to Amarillo.

Miss Wilson and Miss Oneita Wilson, of Denver, Colo., stopped off for a short visit with Mrs. W. S. Thomson, going on to Ft. Worth this forenoon.

Dr. and Mrs. N. B. Breckenridge departed today for a several months' sojourn in Old Mexico. They will be joined at Ft. Worth by Dr. and Mrs. Lisle, who formerly lived in Ada.

T. D. McKeown's father, T. B. McKeown, and family arrived this forenoon from Chester, S. C. They have removed permanently from the East and will stop temporarily with the son.

J. A. Fitch, a substantial farmer erstwhile of Bebee, has recently moved to near Center. The News will in future reach him at the latter place.

Mrs. F. W. Bohanna and little daughter returned today from Wellington, Kansas, whither they went some days ago to see a sick kinsman. Their many friends will regret to learn that they will remove to Shawnee tomorrow to make that place their home.



TIME OF TRAINS

ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS BETWEEN

St. Louis, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Junction City, Galveston, Oklahoma City, in Texas, in the North, and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 112 Express, daily, 4 05 p m
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11 53 a m

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 111 Express, daily, 11 53 a m
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 2 16 p m



TIME CARD.

Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 509 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 8:13 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.
I. McNair, Agent.

Commissioners Court.

Late Tuesday the jury returned a verdict in the case of S. C. Hulet vs. R. D. Bell. \$100 was sued for and the jury gave \$5.00.

Commissioner has moved his office upstairs in the court building to the room labeled "U. S. Attorney" and is now most comfortably quartered. Perhaps, from the outlook he does not expect any attorney to be appointed in this district to claim the office.

Under New Management.

The management of the Ada opera house, which for some time has been in the hands of Chitwood & Constant, is now looked after by Constant & Parks, the latter purchasing Mr. Chitwood's interest. Harry Parks is a good man for the place and we are sure the theatre going public of Ada will be furnished the best there is in the way of entertainment, as their bookings will admit of no "Jim Cornetts" shows in the future.

Notice!

All knowing themselves indebted to us are requested to settle or make satisfactory arrangements within five days, else we will be compelled to enter suit. Please do not fail to appear within prescribed time, thereby saving expense of serving process.

This the eleventh day of January, 1906. Reed & Harrison. 253 3t

Notice!

Those knowing themselves to be indebted to the firm of W. P. Henderson & Co., will please pay at once and save cost. 252-2t wit W. S. Kerr, Trustee.

Buy your coffees, teas, extracts, etc. from the Union Pacific Tea Co., and get some of those hand some presents. Phone 52. Goods delivered to any part of the city 3t 251.

Architect G. H. Keen returned from Stonewall today. He will superintend the construction of the new \$5,500 school building at that place, which will be gin in a few days.

"Nothing new under the sun," you say. Yes there is, Eugene Laurant at the opera house Saturday night, Jan. 13. An entertainment, the like of which has never been in our city before. 3t 252

Great Bargains in REAL ESTATE

I have the following bargains in real estate which if taken in the next 30 days will be sold at reduced prices:

IMPROVED PROPERTY.

Four 25-foot lots on East Main St. Two 50-foot lots on 15th street, with 4-room house.

Three 50-foot lots on corner Broadway and Sixth street.

One lot and building known as the mayor's office.

VACANT PROPERTY.

Two 50-foot lots on West Main St. Four 50-foot lots in North Ada.

Two 50-foot lots on East Sixth St. Also 20 acres of land, one-half in cultivation, two miles due north of Ada National bank.

J. M. BRUNNER,

Citizens National Bank Building.

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D. S., Manager.

DOSS & GRANGER



Pioneer Dental Office
ESTABLISHED 1901
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK
PHONE 212

WANTS

FOR RENT—Two fine rooms for light housekeeping; also room for young men; one block of town. See Nash, at shoe store. 253-tf

Lost—My four year old boy named Jack. Complexion dark. Stolen away by my husband Dec. 26, who deserted me at Francis, I. T., leaving with wagon and mule team, in company with two grown brothers. Any information leading to location of child thankfully received by Mrs. T. A. Crain, Francis, I. T. 253-3t

To RENT—5 room cottage on 16th street. H. C. Thompson, Ada National Bank. 4t-251

Lost—A hunting case, silver-oid watch, last Saturday. Please return to

GEORGE DAVIDSON, Telephone office. 3t 250

FOR RENT—Two furnished bedrooms; centrally located. Mrs. Barnett. 252 3t

FOR SALE—Mules to sell on time. U. G. Winn. tf 250

FOR SALE—Two large fine mules; one nearly new three inch wagon; one set splendid wagon harness, for cash. Apply to Sol Moss. 246-tf

FOR RENT—One 5-room in "Sunrise"—Mrs. J. E. Lahn. 3t-251

FOR SALE—Household goods, incubator, one double harness and one single harness.—Mrs. J. E. Lahn. 3t-251

Parties holding season tickets of the Ada Lyceum Course can have them reserved for Eugene Laurant, the Magician, by calling at Clark's drug store. 3t-252

Reed & Harrison Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices.

To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, Southwest?

It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine).

It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and articles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid the Southwest in all her aims—for more people, for more factories, for advantageous legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on application. Address

Southwest, 1021 Frisco Building, St. Louis

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS

BUILT NOT STUFFED

\$15 FULL SIZE

GUARANTEED NOT TO MAT OR PACK

For Sale by W. C. Duncan.

HENRY M. FURMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice. Office in Duncan Building.

CITY BARBER SHOP.

D. A. DORSEY, Prop.
First Class Work Guaranteed.
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.
South Side Main St. Ada, I. T.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory.

Accept No Substitute

There is nothing just as good for malaria, chills and fever as Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. Take it as a general tonic and at all times in place of quinine. If it fails to give satisfaction Clark Drug Co. will refund your money.

COAL! COAL!

REMEMBER we are still in the Coal Business and handle the best grades of Lehigh and McAlester Coal, and will sell it on a close margin. We also carry in stock stove, heater and cord wood. PHONE 246.

ADA COAL CO.

FOLLOW THE CROWD

They are going to get their full suits and trousers at the

NEW TAILOR

shop in the rear of CHAPMAN'S shoe store. Swiftest, snappiest line of woollens ever shown in Ada, so cheap too.

Quality and fit guaranteed. High class cleaning, steam dyeing, ladies' and mens' clothing.

NASH, the Tailor.

To All Our Friends And Patrons We Wish

A Prosperous New Year.

We will move about January 1st to the building formerly occupied by Mr. Alexander, a better house in which to show our goods.

Thanking you for all past favors and soliciting a continuance of same, I am

Yours Respectfully,
S. M. SHAW.

Dimes Look Small

Much smaller than usual in comparison with those big bargains that they will buy during the next few days before we move. Think of buying a gold decorated dinner plate of fine white, some porcelain, and cups and saucers to match all for a dime. Good heavy hammers 10c. Ash shovels, nicely enameled that you'll consider good value at 15c. we sell them for 5c; and so on all through the store—really if you don't visit us during this sale you'll miss some of the biggest bargains that have ever been given by us.

Nickel Store.

S. M. Shaw, Prop
The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

Phone 77.

- Make Good -

Resolutions

For the New Year.

RESOLVE to give your feet all the comfort possible.

Keep this resolution by buying your shoes from

Chapman

The Shoeman

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 55 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1906

NUMBER 253

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars.

Box Candies a Specialty
At the Postoffice News Stand

Ada Opera House

Eugene Laurant

Magician and Illusionist

Presenting a superb entertainment of original, mystical creations. This magnificent attraction is one of the finest of its kind ever offered to the American people. This attraction positively carries over a ton of baggage, magnificent costumes and beautiful electrical effect.

"The Witch of the Flames"

At Opera House

Saturday Night Jan. 13

PRICES 50c AND 85c

Tickets on Sale Wednesday at Clark's Drug Store.

INDIAN INSPECTOR FILES REPORT FOR FISCAL YEAR

Muskogee, I. T., Jan. 11. The annual report of the Indian inspector for Indian Territory, which was received here yesterday, contains much that is of interest. It is for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, and sets forth clearly the development of the country during the twelve months that are embraced.

The population is estimated at 700,000, a growth of nearly 100 per cent in five years. During the year there was mined from the coal mines in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations 2,559,516 tons of coal and the royalties collected amounted to \$475,553.58. The royalties from the asphalt mines is no small item, being \$2,500,000. Considerably over 10,000 acres of land are being mined and are under mining leases in these sections. More than 300 townships have been platted and sold by the government, covering over 75,000 acres and bringing into the nations as follows: Creek \$105,579, Cherokee \$134,880, and Choctaw and Chickasaw jointly \$541,749. The total amounts collected for townships since the payments began in all the nations aggregates \$2,185,504. The report is very comprehensive in regard to the schools, lands, taxes, the public roads and other statistics of interest mainly to the settler.

Konawa Deeds Ready.

W. A. Holmfield returned at noon from Konawa. He reports that George Northcutt, the M. K. & T. townsite man, will begin to issue the deeds to Konawa lots next Monday. After two years delay this will be agreeable intelligence to parties interested in real estate in that place.

OPERA HOUSE MONDAY JAN. 15
ONE NIGHT ONLY



Raver and Darnaby Presents Their Musical
Comic Opera Success

"BEAUTIFUL BAGDAD"

50 People in Cast, Symphony Orchestra, 10 Big Vaudeville Numbers, Pretty Electric Effects, Special Scenery, Handsome Costumes, A Big Beauty Chorus

Positively the best attraction here this season. Cast headed by Miss Clara Mae Adams, sweet-voiced Prima Donna, and a Big Company.

"Beautiful Bagdad" Opera House One Night Only, Jan. 15

Prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00

Free List Suspended

MYSTERIOUS DEATHS THAT APPEAR TO BE MIRACULOUS

The uncanny story given below might be passed as a piece of "yellow journalism" rot, but for the fact that a citizen of Ada happens to know several of the unfortunate persons who figure in the chain of tragedy. Mr. W. H. Granmar who has lived in North Ada for two years, a baker by trade, formerly lived neighbors in Texas with Smith and the Daileys, and was familiar with the controversy referred to, and knew of the other people mentioned below. He has written to his daughter at Galveston for corroboration of the miraculous occurrences.

The following strange story was sent to the Chicago Record-Herald from Galveston: "Death from a strange malady which physicians say they have never before seen or heard of has overtaken ten men who were connected with the suit over a piece of property given to an undertaker by a widow in payment for her husband's coffin. The belief is widespread in this vicinity that the deaths are a judgment from heaven. So terrifying have been the manifestations of what is believed to be the divine wrath that even the county officials refuse to have anything more to do with the case, which probably never will be adjudicated, at least in the present generation. The case is that of George E. Smith against John Daily. Both men died soon after suit was brought of the strange disease which specialists were unable to diagnose or treat. Then Thomas Brick, the district clerk who filed the suit, fell a victim to the same mysterious avenger. Three lawyers participated in the 'widow's coffin suit,' as it is called—Clegg Stewart, Forester Rose and William T. Austin. Within a few days all three became ill and died of the peculiar disease for which no remedy could be found. Then Judge William H. Stewart, who tried the case and who but a few days before had rendered a decision in the case and granted a new trial, fell a victim, and in a short time expired. Alexander Bartlingcock and C. A. Sias were employed to survey the land in preparation for the new trial. Scarcely had they completed their task when they fell ill and died. J. F. Simmons, the district clerk, laughed at the fears of the superstitious, and made preparations for the new trial. On Thursday last he died."

STATEHOOD BILL IN THE MIDST OF BAD TANGLE

Washington, Jan. 11. Mr. Babcock, who is leading the insurrection against the statehood bill, was engaged today in getting signatures to an agreement which may be likened to articles of war, since every man who signs pledges his honor to fight against the tyranny of the Committee on Rules.

At the close of the day Mr. Babcock assured all inquiries that he had obtained forty-seven signatures.

Lieutenants of the speaker expressed some skepticism, but at the same time they forbore to predict when the statehood bill will be brought in.

That the statehood bill is in the midst of a bad tangle is undeniable. The most sanguine hope that one can entertain for it is that it may pass into the session. The opposition in the Senate to statehood for New Mexico and Arizona is irreconcilable, and it is made up of the majority of that body. If the House should pass the omnibus bill the Senate will separate the two propositions and then it will

Minneapolis Hotel Fire

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 11. Eight persons dead from suffocation or leaping from a fireproof building, a score of people more or less injured by having their hands cut and gashed from smashing in windows, a magnificent property subjected to the ravages of the fire, smoke, and water is an epitome of the disaster which befell the West Hotel at 7:20 o'clock yesterday.

The fire in itself was insignificant, being confined to the elevator shaft and the top floor in the corner of the building, but the wild excitement which followed the first alarm hurried people into halls and out upon window ledges in a frantic attempt to save themselves.

It was the huge volume of smoke that stampeded the guests, and the moment a door was opened the room was filled with smoke and the panic-stricken guests were compelled to beat out the windows to prevent instant suffocation.

DR. HARPER OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY PASSES AWAY

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 11.—Dr. William R. Harper, president of the Chicago University, died at 2.15 last afternoon.

It was announced early in the day that Dr. Harper's condition was critical, and later it was asserted by Dr. Frank G. Billings that in his opinion Dr. Harper would not survive longer than the end of this week. The death of Dr. Harper, however, came

more suddenly than had been anticipated.

Dr. Harper had for two years been suffering from a cancer located at the head of the large intestine. Almost to the last Dr. Harper continued his work, laboring with great energy on some books relating to the Hebrew language which it was his intention to publish. Dr. Harper was born in New Concord, Ohio, in July, 1856.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Henryetta fancy lump, \$6.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead by telling the people of Ada that he is connected with me in the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

BILLIARDS

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlors. Everything first class.

L. N. JAMES Mgrs. POOL

PAUL W. ALLEN.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 14

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes a suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Clean, and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop, Ada, I. T.

(Over Freeman's Store)

15 DAYS ONLY \$10.00 off on all Tailor Made Suits

One-half off on all Men's

Chitwood, The Tailor.

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.

The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments

Phone No. 122

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President; JNO. L. BARRINGER, Vice President;
FRANK JONES, Cashier; ORVILLE SHEAD, Asst. Cashier.

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 20,200.00

Checks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

Farmer Called for Popular Airs, and Leader Obeyed.

Uncle Joe Rich of Gullhall, Vt., was a character. He was a well-to-do farmer, and kept open house to his friends. Rotund and jovial, and dressed in his Sunday suit, blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, buff vest and black silk hat, he was a noticeable figure. He attended all the dances, could cut a pigeon wing to "beat the band," and was a great favorite with the boys.

One fall after the crops were stored they invited him to take a week's trip to Boston to see the sights with them. One night after supper, which was washed down with a liberal supply of champagne, "Uncle Joe" was taken to the theatre, the party occupying a box.

The old man was at his best. As he sat down and looked the audience over the orchestra struck up an operatic selection. He wanted to know "what kind of a cussed tune" that was, anyway. This selection was followed by another. He wiped his beaming face and bald head with a red silk bandanna which he pulled out of his silk tie, and walked around uneasily.

Finally he could stand it no longer. Leaning over the box, he shouted, waving his hat: "Say, Mr. Fiddlers, if you've got those fiddle tunes give us 'Fisher's Hornpipe' or 'Devil's Dream.'" This brought down the house, and the band struck up the music the old man wanted.

"Bill" Was Out of the Smoke.

In the vicinity of Paris Hill, Me., a generation or thereabout ago lived a man named William Young, who was known as "Bill" Young. Although it was conceded he was hardly up to par intellectually, and was accordingly the butt of jokes, his replies were always witty and sure to provoke laughter.

On one occasion, in celebrating a presidential election, it is said, the boys decided to put up a poke on the old man. They had an old "muzzle-loader," which they filled nearly half full of black powder, wads, etc., and informed him he must fire it. "Bill" demurred, on the ground that the charge was too heavy, but on being told it was the only way he could show his loyalty to the Republican party he consented.

Taking the gun somewhat gingerly, he fired, and was, of course, bowled over and over by the recoil of the heavy musket.

One of the boys, a safe distance away, and doubled up with laughter, managed to gasp: "Say, Bill, what are you down there for?"

"Huh! To get out the smoke," retorted "Bill," slowly and painfully picking himself up out of the dirt.

Upset Clerical Dignity.

The minister who had the reputation of never relaxing from his dignity was trying to prove to a few congenial friends that the reputation was not deserved. "Why, one day I laughed right out in the pulpit," he said, "and I did not get over the disgrace of it for several weeks. But it was one of those times when my sense of humor got the better of my ministerial calm."

"It was one hot summer day, and my church was very close to a house. The windows of the church were open, and we could hear distinctly the murmur of voices next door. I had just offered prayer, and there was the intense silence which always follows an invocation. In the solemn silence a woman's harsh voice screamed:

"John, where are the nails? And a gruff voice answered:

"In the coffee pot, you fool. You put them there yourself!"

Bad Company.

A Glasgow holiday-maker was brought up on a charge of drunk and disorderly.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" said the magistrate. "You look respectable and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I'm verra sorry, sir, but I came up in bad company from Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers," was the startling response.

"What, sir?" cried the ballie (a teetotaler) in rage, "do you mean to say that abstainers are bad company? I think they are the best of company for such as you, sir."

"Begg'n' your pardon," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrang, for I had a hale mitchkin of whisky an' I had to drink it a miscal."—Birmingham Post.

And Thayer Got the Fox.

A member of the Worcester (Mass.) Fur Club once took the Hon. John R. Thayer for a day's hunt. A fox was readily started. Stopping at a cross-road, the host told his guest to ride on to a certain tree at the bend of the road. Mr. Thayer started off, but went to a well known runaway. He and Reynard got there at the same time, and the latter was done for.

Mr. Thayer then drove to the oak tree, and was beginning to skin the fox, when the host came up and said: "Well, well, I never knew a fox to run there before."

"Neither did I," blandly replied Thayer.

Not Enough Present.

"Hi, there, youse two!" yelled the stevedore, "handle that gunpowder careful!"

"Why?" demanded the two handlers in chorus.

"Don't you know some o' that same powder exploded a couple o' years ago an' blowed up ten men?"

"Well," replied one of the workmen, "shure that couldn't happen now. There's only two of us here."

Fredericksburg

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
And on the churchyard by the road, I know
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow
'Twas such a night two weary summers dead;
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.
Listen! Again the shrill-tipped bugles blow
Where the swift currents of the river flow
Past Fredericksburg; far off the heavens are red
With sudden conflagration; on yon height
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath;
A signal rocket pierces the dense night,
Flashes its spent stars upon the town beneath;
Hark!—the artillery massing on the right,
Hark!—the black squadrons wheeling down to death!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ABOTANICAL DEDUCTION

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Allene was not a debutante, but this was the eve of her coming-out party. After she had been graduated from the fashionable finishing school she had spent two years abroad with her aunt and cousins as traveling companions. So she had mingled but little in the society of her home city since she was a school girl.

During these last four years, her heart had fluttered in many ways, but flown in none, and she was still heart whole, though not exactly fancy free, and she was looking forward with some curiosity as to the men she would meet to-night.

Among the many offerings of flowers she had received in honor of the coming event, three boxes had particularly attracted her interest. One held the conventional, glorious American beauties, longstemmed and full blossomed. The box was accompanied by the visiting card, correct in every detail, of Mr. Schuyler Elton Van Rensler, whom she had first met while at school in New York. He had joined her aunt's party once or twice in their travels, and by invitation he was to be present at her home-coming party.

"The flowers and card are like him," she thought—"the very best to be had—faultlessly faultless. American beauties are, of course, beyond criticism, but dead perfection bores me—some times."

The next box held her favorite flower, violets. Instead of a card, a note met her eye as she lifted the cover. She recognized the boyish scrawl with a little thrill of pleasure. Ned Holmes, four years her senior, had been her attendant back in the high school days. How proud she had been to receive letters from a student, and a junior at that. She had been to his college town to see him play football, and had in consequence been the envy of her classmates.

"You see I have not forgotten your favorite flower," he wrote. "I trust that you are still loyal to your choice; also that you have not forgotten your friend of schoolday times."

It gave her pleasure now to recall those days, and of course, it was flattering to have her tastes so well remembered. The third box! what a blissful day was recalled by the delicate odor of the large bunch of wake robins reposing on their bed of moss! It was like the donor, she reflected, to enclose neither note nor card—simply a message from the woods—the reminder of one perfect, never-to-be-forgotten day.

It had been during a brief visit home in the spring of her last year at the city school when she was but eighteen, and her head was filled with dreams of ideals. All her favorite heroes she likened unto Kenneth Allen, the son of their family physician. He had been called home on account of the illness of her mother. Dr. Allen, senior, was away from home, and his son, Kenneth, who had been



Three boxes.

practicing with his father for the past two years, was called in. His treatment of the case and her mother's speedy recovery had shown that he was a competent and skillful doctor.

Hitherto Allene had seen but little of Kenneth. He had been away at college, a year in a hospital in New York and a year in Berlin. He avoided all social functions and seemed shy with women. In her mother's sickroom, however, there had sprung up one of those swift, strong friendships and perceptions of each other's thoughts that so rarely comes to one.

When Mrs. Witherton was quite convalescent, Allene had followed the

young doctor out onto the porch one day as he was departing.

"My father returns to-day," he said abruptly, "and I am going to give myself a holiday."

"Where are you going?" she asked. "In the woods? Will you go with me? You need some out-door life, too."

That afternoon in the beautiful woods where they had gathered huge handfuls of wake robins always stood out as the threshold of her maidenhood. His eyes had spoken though his lips had been silent.

"I return to school to-morrow," she



His flowers.

had said wistfully, as they were parting.

His eyes grew darker, but he had only blundered her a conventional goodbye.

"I hope Kenneth isn't in love with Allene," she had overheard her mother say to her father that night.

"Allene is a child," had been the reassuring reply, and Kenneth is too proud to tell a rich man's daughter of his love."

Her heart had only been touched, not stirred. Many times during her prolonged absence she had thought of him, but now the flowers had smote the chord of memory sharply and she vividly recalled that summer afternoon.

"Which flowers shall I carry to-night?" she debated. "The roses are really the most appropriate, but I don't want to encourage Schuyler yet. I love violets, but if I carry them it will be a rebuff to Schuyler and—the wild flowers, well! They are out of the question. They would wilt instantly, and it would be cruel to kill their loveliness in a ballroom."

When Kenneth Allen was wending his unwonted way to the party, all his thoughts were of Allene.

"I almost dread to see her," he mused. "Will she be as lovely and unspoiled as she was then, and will she have remembered me? I am in a position now where it would not be so presuming to win her love as it would have been then. I wonder whose flowers she will carry to-night?"

He had been at the express office when Van Rensler had called to see if his roses had arrived, and he had also chanced in at the florist's when Ned was ordering the violets.

"Anyway, she wouldn't carry those wild flowers, and I did not mean she should. I wonder if she will know who sent them?"

He came into the reception room, and again the fairest face in the world was raised to his. She gave him a cordial greeting, but his jealous eyes could detect no difference in her manner of meeting others present. She carried no flowers. He saw the roses in a vase and the violets in a bowl, but no wake robins were in sight, nor did she refer to them in any way. He secured a dance with her, but not a word was spoken. Then followed a moment or two in the conservatory, but she did not allude to the flowers nor former days, and he was too proud to do anything but follow her lead.

She was surrounded by a little knot of friends throughout the evening and he did not see her again until he went to bid her good night. She drew him one side.

"I found a little picture in one of the studios in Paris that I know you will like," she said. "At what hour to-morrow can you come and see it?"

"Any hour—the earliest you can receive me."

"Eleven o'clock, then," she said.

He went home with his heart torn with the conflict of hope and doubt. When he called the next morning,

he found her in her own special morning room. She was fair and dainty in a white linen gown. In a blue bowl on the table were his flowers. His heart gave a wild leap.

"They are not just the fashionable flowers for a ballroom," he said with a smile.

"That was not the reason I did not carry them," she replied.

"What was the reason?" he demanded.

"I will tell you—sometime."

That time came quicker than she expected. In fact, an hour later when she had promised to be his wife.

"Won't you tell me why you did not carry the flowers?" he persisted. "They were too lovely to carry into a heated room, but in any event I would not have carried your flowers until I knew that the thought I had of you was merely a young girl's fancy, or a deeper feeling. As soon as I saw you come into the room last night my heart told me what I have told you—and so I was glad I had kept my flowers and their message for to-day."

NO REAL REASON FOR WORRY.

Philosopher Was Making Deductions Without the Facts.

Dancing school was out and as the flashing lights of glittering equipages blinked down one of the principal thoroughfares, homeward bound, the amateur philosopher, standing on a corner, remarked to a friend:

"After all, sometimes I'm glad my brood is being reared in moderate circumstances. Those little ones, snuggled in those luxurious carriages behind the proud, cold, aristocratic coachmen, look very comfortable. They're expensively and beautifully dressed, but—"

"If there are going to be many chapters of this I hope they'll end pleasantly," interrupted the friend. "I've just read a book in which the heroine, after pining on pines of poignant, restless life, took chloral, and I'm nervous."

"I was going to say," continued the philosopher, undisturbed, "that one night last winter I was watching this procession of varnished vehicles. It was a wild tempestuous night; the snow was caught up in gusts and hurled against defenseless pedestrians. Ahead of me was a boy, poorly clad, his hand in his father's, beating against the blast. At first the contrast between him and those sheltered children pained me. Then I reflected that they missed much in life that he enjoyed. He could play in the dirt and sand and romp with all kinds of boys and girls, while they had to mind their manners and their governesses and could never soil their clothes."

"You'd make me snuffle if you were right," again broke in the matter-of-fact friend. "Those rich children can have everything they want. If they ask for ponies and automobiles they get them; and if they cry for mud pies they get mud pies. They're as happy as larks. It's well enough to have emotions; but when you let go of them you should chart out your course properly and not drift around aimlessly. You're been moulting and taking on over nothing."—Providence Journal.

His Compliment.

A New York publisher has a reputation for employing the homeliest stenographers and typewriters in the city. Efficiency rather than beauty is what he wants, and he knows the prettiest ones are not the most efficient. Just the same, it is said of him, that he doesn't know a pretty woman when he sees one. Still his wife is an unusually handsome woman.

Not long ago she came into his office, where she appears only at rare intervals, and only when it is absolutely necessary. She was met by an office boy, a bright Irish lad, who had never seen her. She asked for Mr. Blank.

"Who shall I say wants to see him, mem?" he inquired.

"His wife," she replied.

He looked at her in open-eyed surprise and genuine admiration.

"Sure, mem, and I'll tell him," he said, starting off, "and bad cess to him that says he has no taste in ladies, mum."

To Start a Balking Horse.

The account of a driver's brutality to a balking horse in a recent issue leads me to write you the following:

Some years ago in Cincinnati, during the moon hour in one of the busiest streets, a horse attached to an express wagon became balky. Many remedies were tried without effect. Presently one of Cincinnati's best known horsemen came along. When he saw the trouble he smilingly asked for a stone, which was given to him. Then he asked the driver to lift up one foot of the horse and with the stone he struck the shoe a number of times.

"Now," he said to the driver, "get up on your seat and drive off." This the driver did, amid cheers of the bystanders. The horseman said he had no idea why this made a balking horse go, but he had found it an unfailing remedy.—Letter in New York Times.

"Mike's" Ability Questioned.

When "Jim" Bresnahan was boss on that section of the Boston and Maine railroad between Peabody and Salem he had in his employ his nephew "Mike," a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle. One morning on joining his men he remarked the absence of "Mike," and, after inquiry, was told that "Mike" had gone to oil the hand-car.

"What! Gone to oil the hand-car! exclaiming Bresnahan, in astonishment. "You go right after him, an, take that oil can right away from him! Sure! what do he know about oilin' machine-a-reel!"

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

A Classical Song.

Venus was a perfect lady,
As regards the shape,
Done in poetry or marble—
That you can't escape!
Though there were suspicions out,
She could them afford to flout,
Being, as none could doubt,
Such a perfect lady!

Diana was a modest maiden,
So declared they all,
But I think the lovely lady
Had a lovely gall.
Clasping "stags" was her employ,
Which is wrong, unless the boy
Has a million—then it's joy
For a modest maiden.

Very wise indeed, Minerva,
Athens' special lover,
She who sprang full-armed (remember?)
From the brow of Jove!
She religiously eschewed
Tendency unto the nude,
Kept her armour always glued
On her, wise Minerva!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Autograph Fiend Not Modern.

A certain atossa in early Roman days seems to have been the mother of autograph collectors. Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one, for he speaks of it with particular pride. The fever, even in those farback days was contagious.

Pliny speaks of Pompeius Secundus, at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at \$15,000 of our money.

Then came the inrush of barbarians, and we do not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the 16th century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase, and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.—Stray Stories.

Misfortunes of Royal Johns.

John I. of Bohemia was blind; John I. pope, was imprisoned by Alaric, king of the Goths; and Pope John X. was driven from Rome by Guy, duke of Tuscany. John XI, pope, was supposed to have been poisoned by his brother, Alberic, who kept him a prisoner in the lateran. John XIV. also died in prison from poison or strapping. John XV deposed the papal throne after the murder of Boniface, and was forced to flee to Tuscany, where he died of fever. Nor was John XVI. more fortunate, for he was dubbed the "anti-pope," and after a varied career, which lasted only 11 months, he was brutally tortured and then consigned to a dungeon, whence he never emerged alive.

Thought Duck's Advent a Warning.

The walking south through town of a wild goose that had become exhausted in flight or wounded, says the Miller correspondent St. Paul Dispatch, recalls the incident of a few years ago when a wild duck in its swift pilgrimage south at night flew through a window in the old court house into a room where a party of card players were enjoying themselves, leaving them in the dark, as the bird struck the lamp and put out the light. One or two, of the party would not play after that, believing that the duck had been sent by the Lord as a warning against card playing.

Kittens Born While on Journey.

Joseph Kline, a merchant of St. Michaels, Md., while opening a box of goods packed in excelsior, from New York, discovered a handsome cat and four pretty kittens, which were not yet old enough to have their eyes open. Mr. Kline says the box had probably been packed a week, and it is also probable the kittens were born during the journey from New York.

Disrespectful Looks Costly.

It is not uncommon for a lawyer in this country to be fined for expressing his contempt of court verbally, but abroad barristers are held to a stricter accountability. During a recent case at Darmstadt one of the counsel was declared by the judge to have looked at him "in a manner highly disrespectful." For this offense the counsel was fined \$10.

Wireless Telegraphy at Night.

Wireless telegraphy is one of the things that loves darkness rather than light. Messages at night go three times as far as in the day. The longest range to the credit of our navy department is 1,600 miles—from Long Island, N. Y., to Porto Rico. Operators at Newport, R. I. and St. Augustine, Fla., frequently converse at night.

Successful "Lumberwoman."

Miss Clara Stimson of Houlton, Mass., is called the great lumber woman of Aroostook. She runs mills, has crews in the woods, "permits" stumpage from owners of timber land and sells the finished product. The other day she put through a single deal which netted her the tidy sum of \$1,500.

Showing Value of Punctuation.

Punctuation counts for a lot, as is shown by this sign, which used to adorn a Manchester, N. H., blacksmith shop: J. Welcome horse. Shoeing and all kinds of jobbing in. Wood and iron. It was doubtless meant to read: J. Welcome. Horse shoeing and all kinds of jobbing in wood and iron.

Base Kills "Muskie"; Dies.

A party of hunters on Pelican lake, Wisconsin, found frozen in the ice a thirty-five pound muskellunge with a three and one-half pound white bass in its mouth. The bass had worked its head through the gills of the muskellunge, causing the death of both.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER & CO., PUBLISHERS
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

In the Times-Journal's write-up of the big Jackson banquet at Oklahoma City there appears the following paragraph concerning the speech of our fellow townsman, Judge H. M. Furman:

"But the great impromptu speech of the evening was received from Judge Henry M. Furman of Ada, I. T., always mentioned as the probable candidate for the United States Senate from Indian Territory, should we get statehood. Mr. Furman is without any doubt a strong political factor and is very popular. He spoke strongly on the subject of the 'Sovereignty of the Citizens' and hit the keynote of the banquet and of the democratic gathering when he claimed that he wanted the senators from the two territories to be named by a primary. Loud calls for Senator Furman were heard at this time."

Whatever may be the ambitions of Judge Furman, his was a noteworthy address. The sentiments he expressed will be heartily endorsed by all patriotic people and be secretly cursed by the other sort whose purpose it is to thwart the will of the people. To the fact that the people have had no voice in the selection of many United States senators is attributable the deplorable disrepute into which the United States senate has fallen. The masses are waking up to their rights and their responsibilities and they will see that the new state of Oklahoma starts off right; that no man shall become senator through purchase, trade or intrigue. Ere long there will be a constitutional amendment providing for election of senators by popular vote. In the meantime the best makeshift and only alternative is to make every senatorial aspirant submit his chances to the party primary. This will not suit some of the so-called leaders and some of the "special interests" in the new state. But we confidently predict that the same will be done.

LOCAL NEWS

B. A. Mason left for Coalgate.
R. C. Couch went to Wewoka.
Dr. Bisant, dentist, phone 185.
17-198

Frank Little arrived in town from Ponca.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-date photo work.
152-17

Mrs. W. H. Wheeler is very sick today with pneumonia.

For fine confectionery and fruits the Elite leads.
28-244

A. M. McKoy's little boy is right sick.

Dr. B. H. Ebb, surgeon dentist, Henley & Biles building.
238-17

Good practice for sale. J. L. Barringer.
238-31

Mrs. Bettie Martin, after transacting business in Ada, went home to Lehigh.

The Elite Cafe serves the best short orders in the city.
20-244

Dr. Guest, a kinsman of Mrs. A. H. Chapman, is here from Oasin, I. T.

Wedding announcements: the up-to-date kind at the News office.

Stillwell H. Russell, of Ardmore, is in the city on professional business.

Wedding announcements: the up-to-date kind at the News office.

J. H. Owsen, a prominent member of the local business community, is in the city on professional business.

Eugene Laurant, in his great ability, "The War in the Plains," Saturday night, Jan. 12.
31-252

Miss Kathryn Guter, of North Vernon, a prominent newspaper woman of Indiana, is prospecting in the territory and is spending a few days in Ada.

Corn feed mill Katy depot.
252-31

Miss Mollie Russell is quite sick with pneumonia.

Messrs. J. W. Hays and W. A. Alexander went to Stonewall today.

Parties wanting repair work done on electric lights or water works will phone me at No. 237, or leave orders at residence phone 187. Wm. Markham.
31-251

Miss Claudia Moyer having completed a visit with her uncle, J. J. Luttrell, returned home to Pryor Creek today.

Miss Ella Scales after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Tom Hope returned today to her home at Hollenerville.

Laurant carries a ton of baggage and will transform the stage into a magician's palace. At opera house Saturday night, Jan. 12.
31-252

Rev. Wharton, the new Christian pastor, is moving into the Mount Morris residence on South Broadway.

For RENT—Two fine rooms for light housekeeping; also room for young men; one block of town. See Nash, at shoe store.
253-17

Mrs. B. B. Beasley has been visiting her mother, Mrs. A. L. Thomas, and returned to Stonewall today.

N. B. Fox of Glenridge, book agent for the Methodist Conference, is spending two or three days in the city.

Miss Edna Fancher, who is visiting in Oklahoma, is to be married next Saturday to E. J. French, an M. K. & T. conductor.

Rev. E. A. Wesson, the quoniam popular pastor of the Ada Baptist church, has returned from Hereford, Texas, to Amarillo.

Miss Wilson and Miss Oneita Wilson, of Denver, Colo., stopped off for a short visit with Mrs. W. S. Thomson, going on to Ft. Worth this forenoon.

Dr. and Mrs. N. B. Breckenridge departed today for a several months' sojourn in Old Mexico. They will be joined at Ft. Worth by Dr. and Mrs. Lisle, who formerly lived in Ada.

T. D. McKeown's father, T. B. McKeown, and family arrived this forenoon from Chester, S. C. They have removed permanently from the East and will stop temporarily with the son.

J. A. Fitch, a substantial farmer erstwhile of Bebee, has recently moved to near Center. The News will in future reach him at the latter place.

Mrs. F. W. Bohanna and little daughter returned today from Wellington, Kansas, whither they went some days ago to see a sick kinsman. Their many friends will regret to learn that they will remove to Shawnee tomorrow to make that place their home.



TIME OF TRAINS ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS
BETWEEN
St. Louis, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, In the North,
Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Galveston, in Texas,
and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 112 Express, daily, 4:05 p m
No. 504 Local, except Sunday, 11:53 a m
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 111 Express, daily, 11:53 a m
No. 503 Local, except Sunday, 3:16 p m

TIME CARD. Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp, 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 509 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 8:13 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.
I. McNair, Agent.

Commissioners Court.

Late Tuesday the jury returned a verdict in the case of S. C. Hullett vs. R. D. Ball. \$100 was sued for and the jury gave \$500.

Commissioner has moved his office upstairs in the court building to the room labeled "U.S. Attorney" and is now most comfortably quartered. Perhaps, from the outlook he does not expect any attorney to be appointed in this district to claim the office.

Under New Management.

The management of the Ada opera house, which for some time has been in the hands of Chitwood & Constant, is now looked after by Constant & Parks, the latter purchasing Mr. Chitwood's interest. Harry Parks is a good man for the place and we are sure the theatre going public of Ada will be furnished the best there is in the way of entertainment, as their bookings will admit of no "Jim Cornetts" shows in the future.

Notice!

All knowing themselves indebted to us are requested to settle or make satisfactory arrangements within five days. Otherwise will be compelled to enter suit. Please do not fail to appear within prescribed time, thereby saving expense of serving process.

This the eleventh day of January, 1906. Reed & Harrison.
253-31

Notice!

Please know that I am ready to be indebted to the firm of W. P. Henderson & Co., who have paid at once and very much.

Pay your debts, this extract is from the paper of the Ten Cent and get some of the best bargains present. Phone 24 Goods delivered to any part of the city 21-251.

Architect G. H. Reed returned from St. Louis today. He will superintend the construction of the new \$2,200 school building at that place, which will be finished in a few days.

"Nothing new under the sun," you say. Yes, there is. Eugene Laurant at the opera house Saturday night, Jan. 12. An entertainment, the like of which has never been in our city before.
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DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D.D.S.,
Manager,
DOSS & GRANGER
Pioneer
Dental
Office

ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
PHONE 212.

WANTS

FOR RENT—Two fine rooms for light housekeeping; also room for young men; one block of town. See Nash, at shoe store.
253-17

Lost—My four year old boy named Jack. Completion dark. Stolen away by my husband Dec. 26, who deserted me at Francis, I. T., leaving with wagon and mule team, in company with two grown brothers. Any information leading to location of child thankfully received by Mrs. T. A. Crain, Francis, I. T. 253-81

To RENT—A room cottage on 16th street. H. C. Thompson, Ada National Bank. 11-251

Lost—A hunting case, silver-oid watch, last Saturday. Please return to

GEORGE DAVIDSON,
Telephone office.
31-250

FOR RENT—Two furnished bed rooms; centrally located. Mrs. Barnett.
252-31

FOR SALE—Mules to sell on time.

U. G. Winn. 11-250

FOR SALE—Two large fine mules; one nearly new three inch wagon; one set splendid wagon harness, for cash. Apply to Sol Moss.
246-17

FOR RENT One 5-room in "Sunrise" Mrs. J. E. Lahan.
31-251

FOR SALE—Household goods, incubator, one double harness and one single harness.—Mrs. J. E. Lahan. 31-251

Parties holding season tickets of the Ada Lyceum Course can have them reserved for Eugene Laurant, the Magician, by calling at Clark's drug store. 31-252

Reed & Harrison
Wholesale Buggies
and Retail

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices.

To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, Southwest?

It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine).

It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and articles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid the Southwest in all her aims—for more people, for more factories, for advantageous legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on application. Address

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HENRY M. FURMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

CITY BARBER SHOP,
D. A. DORSEY, Prop.
First Class Work guaranteed.
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.
South Side Main St. Ada, I. T.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.
is given up to be best. Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in this Territory.

Accept No Substitute
There is nothing just as good for malaria, chills and fever as Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. Take it as a general tonic and at all times in place of quinine. If it fails to give satisfaction Clark Drug Co. will refund your money.

COAL! COAL!
REMEMBER we are still in the Coal Business and handle the best grades of Lehigh and McAlester Coal, and will sell it on a close margin. We also carry in stock stove, heater and cord wood.
PHONE 240.

ADA COAL CO.

FOLLOW THE CROWD
They are going to get their fall suits and trousers at the

NEW TAILOR
shop in the rear of CHAPMAN'S shoe store. Swiftest, snappiest line of woollens ever shown in Ada, so cheap too.

Quality and fit guaranteed. High class cleaning, steam-dyeing, ladies' and mens' clothing.

NASH, the Tailor.

Dimes
Look
Small

Much smaller than usual in comparison with those big bargains that they will buy during the next few days before we move. Think of buying a gold decorated dinner plate of fine white, some porcelain, and cups and saucers to match all for a dime. Good heavy hammers 10c. Ash shovels, nicely enameled that you'll consider good value at 15c. we sell them for 5c and so on all through the store—really if you don't visit us during this sale you'll miss some of the biggest bargains that have ever been given by us.

The Nickel Store.

S. M. Shaw, Prop

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

Phone 77.

- Make Good -

Resolutions

For the New Year.

RESOLVE to give your feet all the comfort possible.

Keep this resolution by buying your shoes from

Chapman

The Shoeman

Chapman

The Shoeman

Chapman

The Shoeman

Chapman

For Sale by W. C. Duncan.

For Sale by W. C. Duncan.

WEATHER FORCAST:

Tomorrow Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 55 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1906

NUMBER 253

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars.

Box Candies a Specialty
At the Postoffice News Stand

Ada Opera House

Eugene Laurant

Magician and Illusionist

Presenting a superb entertainment of original mystical creations. This magnificent attraction is one of the finest of its kind ever offered to the American people. This attraction positively carries over a ton of baggage, magnificent costumes and beautiful electrical effect.

"The Witch of the Flames"

At Opera House

Saturday Night Jan. 13

PRICES 50c AND 85c

Tickets on Sale Wednesday at Clark's Drug Store

INDIAN INSPECTOR FILES

REPORT FOR FISCAL YEAR

Muskogee, I. T., Jan. 11. The annual report of the Indian inspector for Indian Territory, which was received here yesterday, contains much that is of interest. It is for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, and sets forth clearly the development of the country during the twelve months that are embraced.

The population is estimated at 700,000, a growth of nearly 100 per cent in five years. During the year there was mined from the coal mines in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations 2,559,516 tons of coal and the royalties collected amounted to \$745,555.58. The royalties from the asphalt mines is no small item, being \$2,500,000. Considerably over 10,000 acres of land are being mined and are under mining leases in this nation. More than 300 townships have been platted and sold by the government, covering over 75,000 acres and bringing into the nation as follows: Creek \$105,579, Cherokee \$139,882, and Choctaw and Chickasaw jointly \$541,749. The total amounts collected for townships since the payments began in all the nations aggregates \$2,185,504. The report is very comprehensive in regard to the schools, lands, taxes, the public roads and other statistics of interest mainly to the settler.

Konawa Deeds Ready.

W. A. Hollfeld returned at noon from Konawa. He reports that George Northcutt, the M. K. & T. township man, will be glad to issue the deeds to Konawa lots next Monday. After two years delay this will be agreeable to the settlers who are interested in the state in that place.

OPERA HOUSE MONDAY JAN. 15
ONE NIGHT ONLY



Raver and Darnaby Presents Their Musical
Comic Opera Success

"BEAUTIFUL BAGDAD"

50 People in Cast, Symphony Orchestra, 10 Big Vaudeville Numbers, Pretty Electric Effects, Special Scenery, Handsome Costumes, A Big Beauty Chorus

Positively the best attraction here this season. Cast headed by Miss Clara Mae Adams, sweet-voiced Prima Donna, and a Big Company.

"Beautiful Bagdad" Opera House One Night Only, Jan. 15

Prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00 Free List Suspended

MYSTERIOUS DEATHS THAT APPEAR TO BE MIRACULOUS

The uncanny story given below might be passed as a piece of "yellow journalism" rot, but for the fact that a citizen of Ada happens to know several of the unfortunate persons who figure in the chain of tragedy. Mr. W. H. Grammer who has lived in North Ada for two years, a baker by trade, formerly lived neighbors in Texas with Smith and the Daileys, and was familiar with the controversy referred to, and knew of the other people mentioned below. He has written to his daughter at Galveston for corroboration of the miraculous occurrences.

The following strange story was sent to the Chicago Record-Herald from Galveston: "Death from a strange malady which physicians say they have never before seen or heard of has overtaken ten men who were connected with the suit over a piece of property given to an undertaker by a widow in payment for her husband's coffin. The belief is widespread in this vicinity that the deaths are a judgment from heaven. So terrifying have been the manifestations of what is believed to be the divine wrath that even the county officials refuse to

have anything more to do with the case, which probably never will be adjudicated, at least in the present generation. The case is that of George E. Smith against John Daily. Both men died soon after suit was brought of the strange disease which specialists were unable to diagnose or treat. Then Thomas Brick, the district clerk who filed the suit, fell a victim to the same mysterious avenger. Three lawyers participated in the "widow's coffin suit," as it is called—Clegg Stewart, Forester Rose and William T. Austin. Within a few days all three became ill and died of the peculiar disease for which no remedy could be found. Then Judge William H. Stewart, who tried the case and who but a few days before had rendered a decision in the case and granted a new trial, fell a victim, and in a short time expired. Alexander Bartlingcock and C. A. Sias were employed to survey the land in preparation for the new trial. Scarcely had they completed their task when they fell ill and died. J. F. Simmons, the district clerk, laughed at the fears of the superstitious, and made preparations for the new trial. On Thursday last he died."

STATEHOOD BILL IN THE MIDST OF BAD TANGLE

Washington, Jan. 11. Mr. Babcock, who is leading the insurrection against the statehood bill, was engaged today in getting signatures to an agreement which may be likened to articles of war, since every man who signs pledges his honor to fight against the tyranny of the Committee on Rules.

At the close of the day Mr. Babcock assured all inquiries that he had obtained forty-seven signatures.

Lieutenants of the speaker expressed some skepticism, but at the same time they forebore to predict when the statehood bill will be brought in.

That the statehood bill is in the midst of a bad tangle is undeniable. The most sanguine hope that one can entertain for it is that it may pass late in the session. The opposition in the Senate to statehood for New Mexico and Arizona is irreconcilable, and it is made up of the majority of that body. If the House should pass the omnibus bill the Senate will separate the two propositions and then it will

make of Oklahoma and Indian Territory a sacrifice on the altar of its stubbornness. The general opinion is that it will not.

Minneapolis Hotel Fire

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 11. Eight persons dead from suffocation or leaping from a fireproof building, a score of people more or less injured by having their hands cut and gashed from smashing in windows, a magnificent property subjected to the ravages of the fire, smoke, and water, is an epitome of the disaster which befell the West Hotel at 7:20 o'clock yesterday.

The fire in itself was insignificant, being confined to the elevator shaft and the top floor in the corner of the building, but the wild excitement which followed the first alarm hurried people into halls and out upon window ledges in a frantic attempt to save themselves.

It was the huge volume of smoke that stampeded the guests, and the moment a door was opened the room was filled with smoke and the panic-stricken guests were compelled to beat out the windows to prevent instant suffocation.

DR. HARPER OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY PASSES AWAY

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 11.—Dr. William R. Harper, president of the Chicago University, died at 2.15 last afternoon.

It was announced early in the day that Dr. Harper's condition was critical, and later it was asserted by Dr. Frank G. Billings that in his opinion Dr. Harper would not survive longer than the end of this week. The death of Dr. Harper, however, came

more suddenly than had been anticipated.

Dr. Harper had for two years been suffering from a cancer located at the head of the large intestine. Almost to the last Dr. Harper continued his work, laboring with great energy on some books relating to the Hebrew language which it was his intention to publish.

Dr. Harper was born in New Concord, Ohio, in July, 1856.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.

A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Henryetta fancy lump, \$6.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead the people of Ada that he is connected with me in the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

BILLIARDS

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlors. Everything first class.

L. N. JAMES Mgrs. POOL

PAUL W. ALLEN.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave.

Phone 14

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes a suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Cut, and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop.

Ada, I. T.

(Over Freeman's Store)

15 DAYS ONLY \$10.00 off on all Tailor Made Suits

One-half off on all Middy's

Chitwood, The Tailor.

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.

The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments

Phone No. 122

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President

ING. L. BARRINGER, Vice President

FRANK JONES, Cashier

ORVILLE SHEAR, Asst. Cashier

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 20,200.00

Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

ADA, IND. TER.

Corey was at the Carnegie dinner, all right, but he didn't eat more than half his pie.

Intrigue, mystery, love are the signs of a popular novel, but what weary signs they are!

The Chee Foo and several other able liars appear to have settled in the Panama Canal belt.

A Pittsburg man has just shelled out \$10,000 to a St. Louis girl who wanted to be his "Easter egg."

"Castro Getting Pacific," says a newspaper headline. Castro had better confine his energies to the Atlantic.

When we look at all the trouble Joe Leiter gets into, we realize that being a poor young man has its advantages, after all.

Spain is about to close the library founded by Christopher Columbus at Seville. It has just learned that he was an Italian.

A Chicago doctor says that no man should smoke more than three cigars a day. We can almost hear Mark Twain say, "Huh!"

Wonders will never cease. A man actually had the nerve to come into ye editor's sanctum and try to sell us some life insurance.

Count Witte says the Russian revolutionary party is small but determined. From this distance it looks large but indeterminate.

It has cost Boston \$6,500,000 for beans during the past year. It will be a sad day for Boston when the bean trust gets things cornered.

With a knowledge of the facts made public concerning "Fads and Fancies," that book ought to sell well as a curious revelation of assuinity.

Martha Craig, who says she was on earth 2,000 years ago, will probably turn out to be press agent for a new Uloom of youth at \$1 per bottle.

It is a safe guess that the Baltimore editor who says the prettiest girls in America are in his town never was west of the Alleghenies in his life.

A woman's club is advocating "fewer but better babies." Our own babies could not be better. The improvement is desired on other persons' children.

It is worthy of remark that occasionally there is a man with an income of more than \$1,000 a year who finds it hard to persuade anybody to marry him.

Manhattan's drink bill figures up \$135,500,000 a year, and yet the newspaper humorists still prate about the bibulousness of the Kentucky colonels!

Speaking of the way the government's policy has been conducted, Witte says that "to err is human." This looks a good deal like a knock at "divine right."

The biggest pipe dream yet was that of the Michigan student who said the bowl of his pipe was hot enough from smoking to brand the flesh of a fellow student.

Uncle Andy sat between Schwab and Corey at the Carnegie dinner. If they entertained him with anecdotes of their experiences he must have had an interesting time.

The Russian grand dukes have probably decided by this time that "a mere strike" may have all the disagreeable consequences of a revolution, with a lot of extras added.

When the touseau makers and other women folk take possession of the white house the president may be surprised to learn how unimportant a figure in the household he really is.

A Frenchman has invented an apparatus that will enable a man to sign checks 1,000 miles away. Great scheme! Our checks are no good if we sign them less than 1,000 miles away.

Reading that the latest returns from Saskatchewan give the government a good working majority, our Russian friends may be excused from remarking pityingly, "O, those American names!"

The National Civic Federation learns that immigrants do not settle in the parts of the country that need them. We may remark that we know several natives who refuse to settle, wherever they are.

A girl asked me what I thought would be the nicest thing to put in her stocking. I told her I couldn't think of anything better than what she already had in it, and then she got mad. Some girls are never satisfied.—Boston Globe.

The world pauses, spellbound and enthralled, as it hears the marvelous tones of the Bernhardt admonishing her escort: "Be careful; don't step on my dress." How womanly! What dramatic power and naturalness lie in the simple words!

Farmer Called for Popular Airs, and Leader Obeyed.

Uncle Joe Rich of Guildhall, Vt., was a character. He was a well-to-do farmer, and kept open house to his friends. Rotund and jovial, and dressed in his Sunday suit, blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, buff vest and black silk hat, he was a noticeable figure. He attended all the dances, could cut a pigeon wing to "beat the band," and was a great favorite with the boys.

One fall after the crops were stored they invited him to take a week's trip to Boston to see the sights with them. One night after supper, which was washed down with a liberal supply of champagne, "Uncle Joe" was taken to the theatre, the party occupying a box.

The old man was at his best. As he sat down and looked the audience over the orchestra struck up an operatic selection. He wanted to know "what kind of a cussed tune" that was, anyway. This selection was followed by another. He wiped his beaming face and bald head with a red silk bandanna which he pulled out of his silk tie, and walked around unhesitatingly.

Finally he could stand it no longer. Leaning over the box, he shouted, waving his hat: "Say, Mr. Fiddlers, if you've got those fiddles tuned give us 'Fisher's Hornpipe' or 'Devil's Dream.'" This brought down the house, and the band struck up the music the old man wanted.

"Bill" Was Out of the Smoke. In the vicinity of Paris Hill, Me., a generation or thereabout ago lived a man named William Young, who was known as "Bill" Young. Although it was conceded he was hardly up to par intellectually, and was accordingly the butt of jokes, his replies were always witty and sure to provoke laughter.

On one occasion, in celebrating a presidential election, it is said, the boys decided to put up a poke on the old man. They had an old "muzzle-loader," which they filled nearly half full of black powder, wads, etc., and informed him he must fire it. "Bill" demurred, on the ground that the charge was too heavy, but on being told it was the only way he could show his loyalty to the Republican party he consented.

Taking the gun somewhat gingerly, he fired, and was, of course, bowled over and over by the recoil of the heavy musket.

One of the boys, a safe distance away, and doubled up with laughter, managed to gasp: "Say, Bill, what are you down there for?"

"Huh! To get out of the smoke," retorted "Bill," slowly and painfully picking himself up out of the dirt.

Upset Clerical Dignity. The minister who had the reputation of never relaxing from his dignity was trying to prove to a few congenial friends that the reputation was not deserved. "Why, one day I laughed right out in the pulpit," he said, "and I did not get over the disgrace of it for several weeks. But it was one of those times when my ministerial calm got the better of my ministerial calm."

"It was one hot summer day, and my church was very close to a house. The windows of the church were open, and we could hear distinctly the murmur of voices next door. I had just offered prayer, and there was the intense silence which always follows an invocation. In the solemn silence a woman's harsh voice screamed: 'John, where are the nails?' And a gruff voice answered: 'In the coffee pot, you fool. You put them there yourself.'"

Bad Company. A Glasgow holiday-maker was brought up on a charge of drunk and disorderly.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" said the magistrate. "You look respectable and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I'm verra sorry, sir, but I came up in bad company from Glesca," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers," was the startling response.

"What, sir?" cried the bailie (a teetotaler) in rage, "do you mean to say that abstainers are bad company? I think they are the best of company for such as you, sir."

"Beggins' your pardon," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong, for I had a hate mutchkin of whiskey an' I had to drink it a' misel."—Birmingham Post.

And Thayer Got the Fox. A member of the Worcester (Mass.) Fur Club once took the Hon. John H. Thayer for a day's hunt. A fox was readily started. Stopping at a cross-road, the host told his guest to ride on to a certain tree at the bend of the road.

Mr. Thayer started off, but went to a well known runaway. He and Reynard got there at the same time, and the latter was done for.

Mr. Thayer then drove to the oak tree, and was beginning to skin the fox, when the host came up and said: "Well, well, I never knew a fox to run there before."

"Neither did I," blandly replied Thayer.

Not Enough Present. "Hi, there, youse two!" yelled the stevedore; "handle that gunpowder careful!"

"Why?" demanded the two handlers in chorus.

"Don't you know some o' that same powder exploded a couple o' years ago an' blowed up ten men?"

"Well," replied one of the workmen, "shure that couldn't happen now. There's only two of us here."

Fredericksburg

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed. And on the churchyard by the road, I know it falls as white and noiselessly as snow. 'Twas such a night two weary summers fled; The stars, as now, were waning overhead. Listen! Again the shrill-tipped bugles blow. Where the swift currents of the river flow Past Fredericksburg; far off the heavens are red. With sudden conflagration; on yon height Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath! A signal rocket pierces the dense night. Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath! Hark!—the artillery massing on the right. Hark!—the black squadrons wheeling down to death! —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ABOTANICAL DEDUCTION

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Allene was not a debutante, but this was the eve of her coming-out party. After she had been graduated from the fashionable finishing school she had spent two years abroad with her aunt and cousins as traveling companions. So she had mingled but little in the society of her home city since she was a school girl.

During those last four years, her heart had fluttered in many ways but flown in none, and she was still heart whole, though not exactly fancy free, and she was looking forward with some curiosity as to the men she would meet to-night.

Among the many offerings of flowers she had received in honor of the coming event, three boxes had particularly attracted her interest. One held the conventional, glorious American beauties, longstemmed and full blossomed. The box was accompanied by the visiting card, correct in every detail, of Mr. Schuyler Elton Van Renssler, whom she had first met while at school in New York. He had joined her aunt's party once or twice in their travels, and by invitation he was to be present at her home-coming party.

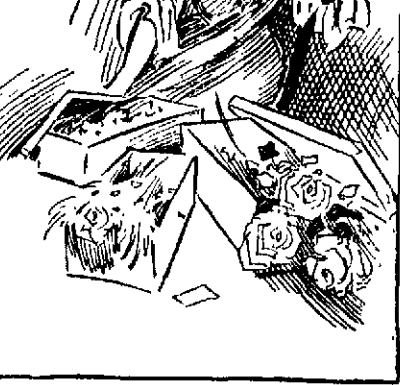
"The flowers and card are like him," she thought—"the very best to be had—faultlessly faultless. American beauties are, of course, beyond criticism, but dead perfection bores me—some times."

The next box held her favorite flower, violets. Instead of a card, a note met her eye as she lifted the cover. She recognized the boyish scrawl with a little thrill of pleasure. Ned Holmes, four years her senior, had been her attendant back in the high school days. How proud she had been to receive letters from a student, and a junior at that. She had been to his college town to see him play football, and had in consequence been the envy of her classmates.

"You see I have not forgotten your favorite flower," he wrote. "I trust that you are still loyal to your choice; also that you have not forgotten your friend of school-day times."

It gave her pleasure now to recall those days, and of course, it was flattering to have her tastes so well remembered. The third box! what a blissful day was recalled by the delicate odor of the large bunch of wake robins reposing on their bed of moss! It was like the donor, she reflected, to enclose neither note nor card—simply a message from the woods—the reminder of one perfect, never-to-be-forgotten day.

It had been during a brief visit home in the spring of her last year at the city school when she was but eighteen, and her head was filled with dreams of ideals. All her favorite heroes she likened unto Kenneth Allen, the son of their family physician. He had been called home on account of the illness of her mother. Dr. Allen, senior, was away from home, and his son, Kenneth, who had been



Three boxes.

practicing with his father for the past two years, was called in. His treatment of the case and her mother's speedy recovery had shown that he was a competent and skillful doctor.

Hitherto Allene had seen but little of Kenneth. He had been away at college, a year in a hospital in New York and a year in Berlin. He avoided all social functions and seemed shy with women. In her mother's sickroom, however, there had sprung up one of those swift, strong friendships and perception of each other's thoughts that so rarely comes to one.

When Mrs. Witherton was quite convalescent, Allene had followed the

young doctor out onto the porch one day as he was departing.

"My father returns to-day," he said abruptly, "and I am going to give myself a holiday."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"In the woods? Will you go with me? You need some out-door life, too."

That afternoon in the beautiful woods where they had gathered huge handfuls of wake robins always stood out as the threshold of her maidenhood. His eyes had spoken though his lips had been silent.

"I return to school to-morrow," she



His flowers.

had said wistfully, as they were parting.

His eyes grew darker, but he had only blundered her a conventional goodbye.

"I hope Kenneth isn't in love with Allene," she had overheard her mother say to her father that night.

"Allene is a child," had been the reassuring reply, and Kenneth is too proud to tell a rich man's daughter of his love."

Her heart had only been touched, not stirred. Many times during her prolonged absence she had thought of him, but now the flowers had smote the chord of memory sharply and she vividly recalled that summer afternoon.

"Which flowers shall I carry to-night?" she debated. "The roses are really the most appropriate, but I don't want to encourage Schuyler yet. I love violets, but if I carry them it will be a rebuff to Schuyler and—the wild flowers, well! They are out of the question. They would wilt instantly, and it would be cruel to kill their loveliness in a ballroom."

When Kenneth Allen was wending his unwonted way to the party, all his thoughts were of Allene.

"I almost dread to see her," he mused. "Will she be as lovely and unspoiled as she was then, and will she have remembered me? I am in a position now where it would not be so presuming to win her love as it would have been then. I wonder whose flowers she will carry to-night?"

He had been at the express office when Van Renssler had called to see if his roses had arrived, and he had also chanced in at the florist's when Ned was ordering the violets.

"Anyway, she wouldn't carry those wild flowers, and I did not mean she should. I wonder if she will know who sent them?"

He came into the reception room, and again the fairest face in the world was raised to his. She gave him a cordial greeting, but his jealous eyes could detect no difference in her manner of meeting others present. She carried no flowers. He saw the roses in a vase and the violets in a bowl, but no wake robins were in sight, nor did she refer to them in any way. He secured a dance with her, but not a word was spoken. Then followed a moment or two in the conservatory, but she did not allude to the flowers nor former days, and he was too proud to do anything but follow her lead.

She was surrounded by a little knot of friends throughout the evening and he did not see her again until he went to bid her good night. She drew him one side.

"I found a little picture in one of the studios in Paris that I know you will like," she said. "At what hour to-morrow can you come and see it?"

"Any hour—the earliest you can receive me."

"Eleven o'clock, then," she said.

He went home with his heart torn with the conflict of hope and doubt. When he called the next morning,

he found her in her own special morning room. She was fair and dainty in a white linen gown. In a blue bowl on the table were his flowers. His heart gave a wild leap.

"They are not just the fashionable flowers for a ballroom," he said with a smile.

"That was not the reason I did not carry them," she replied.

"What was the reason?" he demanded.

"I will tell you—sometime."

That time came quicker than she expected. In fact, an hour later when she had promised to be his wife.

"Won't you tell me why you did not carry the flowers?" he persisted. "They were too lovely to carry into a heated room, but in any event I would not have carried your flowers until I knew that the thought I had of you was merely a young girl's fancy, or a deeper feeling. As soon as I saw you come into the room last night my heart told me what I have told you—and so I was glad I had kept my flowers and their message for to-day."

NO REAL REASON FOR WORRY.

Philosopher Was Making Deductions Without the Facts.

Dancing school was out and as the flashing lights of glittering equipages blinked down one of the principal thoroughfares, homeward bound, the amateur philosopher, standing on a corner, remarked to a friend:

"After all, sometimes I'm glad my brood is being reared in moderate circumstances. Those little ones, snuggled in those luxurious carriages behind the proud, cold, aristocratic coachmen, look very comfortable. They're expensively and beautifully dressed, but—"

"If there are going to be many chapters of this I hope they'll end pleasantly," interrupted the friend. "I've just read a book in which the heroine, after page on page of poignant, restless life, took chloral, and I'm nervous."

"I was going to say," continued the philosopher, undisturbed, "that one night last winter I was watching this procession of varnished vehicles. It was a wild tempestuous night; the snow was caught up in gusts and hurled against defenseless pedestrians. Ahead of me was a boy, poorly clad, his hand in his father's, beating against the blast. At first the contrast between him and those sheltered children pained me. Then I reflected that they missed much in life that he enjoyed. He could play in the dirt and sand and romp with all kinds of boys and girls, while they had to mind their manners and their governesses and could never soil their clothes."

"You'd make me snuffle if you were right," again broke in the matter-of-fact friend. "Those rich children can have everything they want. If they ask for ponies and automobiles they get them; and if they cry for mud pies they get mud pies. They're as happy as larks. It's well enough to have emotions; but when you let go of them you should chart out your course properly and not drift around aimlessly. You've been mouthing and taking on over nothing."—Providence Journal.

His Compliment.

A New York publisher has a reputation for employing the homeliest stenographers and typewriters in the city. Efficiency rather than beauty is what he wants, and he knows the prettiest ones are not the most efficient. Just the same, it is said of him, that he doesn't know a pretty woman when he sees one. Still his wife is an unusually handsome woman.

Not long ago she came into his office, where she appears only at rare intervals, and only when it is absolutely necessary. She was met by an office boy, a bright Irish lad, who had never seen her. She asked for Mr. Blank.

"Who shall I say wants to see him, mem?" he inquired.

"His wife," she replied.

He looked at her in open-eyed surprise and genuine admiration.

"Sure, mem, and I'll tell him," he said, starting off, "and bad cess to him that says he has no taste in ladies, mum!"

To Start a Balking Horse.

The account of a driver's brutality to a balking horse in a recent issue leads me to write you the following:

Some years ago in Cincinnati, during the noon hour in one of the busiest streets, a horse attached to an express wagon became balky. Many remedies were tried without effect. Presently one of Cincinnati's best known horsemen came along. When he saw the trouble he smilingly asked for a stone, which was given to him. Then he asked the driver to lift up one foot of the horse and with the stone he struck the shoe a number of times.

"Now," he said to the driver, "get up on your seat and drive off."

This the driver did, amid cheers of the bystanders. The horseman said he had no idea why this made a balking horse go, but he had found it an unfailing remedy.—Letter in New York Times.

"Mike's" Ability Questioned.

When "Jim" Bresnahan was boss on that section of the Boston and Maine railroad between Peabody and Salem he had in his employ his nephew "Mike," a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle. One morning on joining his men he remarked the absence of "Mike," and, after inquiry, was told that "Mike" has gone to oil the hand-car.

"What-at! Gone to oil th' hand-car! exclaimed Bresnahan, in astonishment. "You go right after him, an, take that he can oil right away from him! Sure 'what' do he know about olein' machine-a-reel!"

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

A Classical Song. Venus was a perfect lady, As regards the shape, Done in poetry or marble— That you can't escape! Though there were suspicions out, She could them afford to flout, Being, as none could doubt, Such a perfect lady!

Diana was a modest maiden, So declared they all, But I think the lovely lady Had a lovely gall! Chasing "snags" was her employ, Which is wrong, unless the boy Has a million—then it's joy For a modest maiden.

Very wise indeed, Minerva, Athens' special love, She who sprang full-armed (remember?) From the brow of Jove! She religiously eschewed Tendency unto the pudic, Kept her armour always glued On her, wise Minerva! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Autograph Fiend Not Modern.

A certain atossa in early Roman days seems to have been the mother of autograph collectors. Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one, for he speaks of it with particular pride. The fever, even in those farback days was contagious.

Pliny speaks of Pomponius Secundus, at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at \$15,000 of our money. Then came the influx of barbarians, and we do not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the 16th century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase, and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.—Stray Stories.

Misfortunes of Royal Johns.

John I. of Bohemia was blind; John I. pope was imprisoned by Alaric, king of the Goths; and Pope John X. was driven from Rome by Guy, duke of Tuscany. John XI, pope, was supposed to have been poisoned by his brother, Alberic, who kept him a prisoner in the lateran. John XIV, also died in prison from poison or starvation. John XV, ascended the papal throne after the murder of Boniface, and was forced to flee to Tuscany, where he died of fever. Nor was John XVI more fortunate, for he was dubbed the "anti-pope," and after a varied career, which lasted only 11 months, he was brutally tortured and then consigned to a dungeon, whence he never emerged alive.

Thought Duck's Advent a Warning.

The walking south through town of a wild goose that had become exhausted in flight or wounded, says the Miller correspondent St. Paul Dispatch, recalls the incident of a few years ago when a wild duck in its swift pilgrimage south at night flew through a window in the old court house into a room where a party of card players were enjoying themselves, leaving them in the dark, as the bird struck the lamp and put out the light. One or two of the party would not play after that, believing that the duck has been sent by the Lord as a warning against card playing.

Kittens Born While on Journey.

Joseph Kline, a merchant of St. Michaels, Md., while opening a box of goods packed in excelsior, from New York, discovered a handsome cat and four pretty kittens, which were not yet old enough to have their eyes open. Mr. Kline says the box had probably been packed a week, and it is also probable the kittens were born during the journey from New York.

Disrespectful Looks Costly.

It is not uncommon for a lawyer in this country to be fined for expressing his contempt of court verbally, but abroad barristers are held to a stricter accountability. During a recent case at Darmstadt one of the counsel was declared by the judge to have looked at him "in a manner highly disrespectful." For this offense the counsel was fined \$10.

Wireless Telegraphy at Night.

Wireless telegraphy is one of the things that loves darkness rather than light. Messages at night go three times as far as in the day. The longest range to the credit of our navy department is 1,600 miles—from Long Island, N. Y., to Porto Rico. Operators at Newport, R. I., and St. Augustine, Fla., frequently converse at night.

Successful "Lumberwoman."

Miss Clara Stimson of Houlton, Mass., is called the great lumber woman of Aroostook. She runs mills, has crews in the woods, "permits" stumpage from owners of timber land and sells the finished product. The other day she put through a single deal which netted her the tidy sum of \$1,500.

Showing Value of Punctuation.

Punctuation counts for a lot, as is shown by this sign, which used to adorn a Manchester, N. H., blacksmith shop: J. Welcome horse. Shoeing and all kinds of jobbing in. Wood and iron. It was doubtless meant to read: J. Welcome. Horse shoeing and all kinds of jobbing in wood and iron.

Base Kill "Muskie"; Dies.

A party of hunters on Pelican lake, Wisconsin, found frozen in the ice a thirty-five pound muskellunge with a three and one-half pound white bass in its mouth. The bass had worked its head through the gills of the muskellunge, causing the death of both.

DON'T DESPAIR.

Read the Experience of a Minnesota Woman and Take Heart.

If your backache aches, and you feel sick, languid, weak and miserable day after day—don't worry. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women in the same condition. Mrs. A. Helman of Stillwater, Minn., says: "But for Doan's Kidney Pills I would not be living now. They cured me in 1899 and I've been well since."

I used to have such pain in my back that once I fainted. The kidney secretions were much disordered, and I was so far gone that I was thought to be at death's door. Since Doan's Kidney Pills cured me I feel as if I had been pulled back from the tomb."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Holidays in Japan.

There are three national holidays in Japan. January 1 is one of them, and the birthday of the reigning emperor, November 3, is another. But February 11 is the greatest of the three dates, for it is the anniversary of the coronation of the first emperor, Jimmu.

Stands Head.

There is something about Hunt's Lightning Oil that no other liniment possesses. Others may be good, but it is surely the best. It does all you recommend it for, and more. For sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, aches and pains, it has no equal on earth. It stands head on my medicine shelf.

Very truly yours,

T. J. Brownlow, Livingston, Tenn.

Nell—Mrs. Newby says the baby has her complexion and her husband's hair.

Bell—I wondered what had become of them.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 4-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Pa's Opinion.

"So your son is home for the holidays, is he?"

"He claims that's it, but my private opinion is that he's home for more money."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BLOOD-PURIFYING TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

There are more lobsbers in the theatrical profession than the tank dramas would indicate.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A woman will always admit she does not know as much as a man if she knows a lot more.

BOY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA.

Mouth and Eyes Covered With Crusts—Hands Pinned Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little boy was six months old, he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest, and back, in short the whole body was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down; otherwise he would scratch his face and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa., June 5, 1905."

While the ballots continue to fall silently, as of yore, some of the watchers at the polls in New York fall with a dull thud.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

Some people think they have done their duty if they express a willingness to do it.

BEAR DISTURBS QUIET HAMLET.

Seems to Have Settled for Winter in Maryland Village.

Travelers reaching here from the vicinity of Pen Mar report the presence in that neighborhood of a giant bear, which appears to be making an extended study of the advantages of this place as a popular winter resort. The animal seems perfectly at home and is reported as paying regular calls at poultry houses and pigstys, and has recently been found on the back porch of one home drinking the contents of a milk crock which had been set out to secure the benefit of the cool mountain air. On this occasion he was chased off by the lady of the house with a feather duster, the only weapon which she possessed at the time, her husband having taken the broom out in the woods to sweep up some persimmons.

The bear was first officially reported by the crew of a trolley car of the electric railway that runs from Waynesboro to Pen Mar. It was a dark night, and the motorman, as his car bowed merrily up to the Pen Mar station, saw a dark object, which he thought was a waiting passenger, at the side of the track.

As the car came within a few feet of the creature the bear straightened himself up on his hind legs. McLaughlin reversed the current, blew out the fuse and ran into the car, fastened the door and crawled under a seat. Bruin sniffed around for a while and then trotted off.

Saturday night it made its appearance again and left behind a trail of chicken feathers and pig tails, the remnants of its raids upon numerous back yards. A party will be organized this week to go out and hunt the bear down. It has not only done considerable damage but has caused any amount of excitement. Hagerstown correspondence Baltimore American.

GYPSIES HOARDED SOAP.

Officers of Vessel Surprised and Gladly Furnish Stuff.

Cleanliness is not a characteristic of the children of Romany, but this fact did not enter the minds of the officers of the Pacific Mail company's steamer San Jose on the last trip when they acquiesced to the request for soap each day, says the San Francisco Call. It was not until the steamer reached the disembarking point that those connected with the vessel learned that they had fallen victims to the nomads. The soap which had been given the individuals each day was carefully hidden away, and on leaving the steamer they were burdened with cakes of soap accumulated during the trip.

The gypsies, numbering about twenty-five, boarded the steamer at Ancon and traveled to Mazatlan. They were an uncleanly lot, and when they washed no soap was used. This attracted the attention of an officer, and he handed a bar of soap to them.

As soon as his back was turned the piece was secreted. Their avarice was now aroused, and each day they would apply for soap. When the gypsies asked for it it was given without a question. The storekeeper and his superiors were in blissful ignorance of what was going on, but when the gypsies were marched off the vessel they were seen to be carrying huge bundles, which proved to be the soap of the Pacific Mail company.

A Bad Debt.

Don't talk to me of nature's debt, Lord bless this world, I love it! I love the blossoms dewy-wet, I love the silken ribbons of the sky, I ain't a thinkin' of no debts— I ain't a thinkin' of no debts— No thought of debts my conscience frets. I hear the cows a-blowin'!

And I ain't thinkin' of a thing Except life's sunny weather, of thickets where the wild birds sing, And you and me together, old nature's debt's an honest one, Perhaps, I'll not gossamer it, But 'tis a fact of love an' fun I ain't got time to pay it.

I ain't got time—Lord love you, sweet, Your hand is mine, honey, honey, Life's ragtime tuggin' at my feet, It's funny, honey, funny, How glad I am to hear the cows Contented far-off howlin', And walk with you where winds carouse, An' blossoms are a-blowin'!

So it don't worry me at all, This debt that I'm a-owin', I'm laughin' back the wild bird's call, Where sunlit streams are flowin', An' chasin' butterflies all day, Where laughin' winds are shovin', And I ain't got no time to pay, I'm laughin', livin', lovin'!

—Houston Post.

Water About, but None to Drink.

Edgar Lewis is employed on a large stock farm in Newry, Me., owned by Walter A. Foster. During a cold spell last winter the water pipes which supplied water for the cattle at the barn froze. The cattle had to be driven to the river each day for water. A rain storm had caused a brook to flow across the path, so the cattle had not been turned out for several days. Lewis went to his employer and said: "I am afraid the cattle will choke to death soon, for I have been unable to drive them to the river to several days on account of the brook."

"For heaven's sake, Ed," said Mr. Foster, "what is the brook made of?"

Privileges of Ambassadors.

An ambassador cannot be sued; in fact, he is exempted from all legal process by a statute which was passed to appease the wrath of Peter the Great of Russia, whose ambassador was actually arrested in London for a debt of \$250. Ambassadors are in all countries permitted the free exercise of their religion. They are exempted from direct taxation, they have special letter bags for their mails, and they pay no customs duties on anything they import. This latter privilege is, however, now subject to limitations, for it was formerly much abused in certain countries where high customs duties obtained.

TRUTH ABOUT THE LAND OF UR

District of Busy Cities Filled With Hum of Commerce.

We may gaze to-day, even as we walk the streets of London and Paris, upon immortal statues, and majestic obelisks, dainty jewels of gold and delicate silver vases, exquisite signets and vast libraries, maps and pictures, school boy exercises and children's toys, some of which were buried in oblivion two thousands years before Abraham was born. The land of Ur was no desolate expanse of pasture; it was a hive of industry; a district of busy cities, the home of a thriving commerce of settled laws. It had its schools and monasteries, wherein were studied the lessons of an historic past of which its citizens were rightly proud. Abraham and his family were no mere Bedouin sheikhs—as Bible artists love to paint them—rugged, uncouth, unlettered, but men of influence and substance, whose wealth was secured by written conveyances, whose transactions in land and stock gave occupation to the lawyers. Only the poorer peasantry were denied the art of writing, and there seems no valid reason for resisting the broad claim made both in the Talmud and by Josephus that Abraham was abreast of the intellectual movements of his day.—Sunday Strand.

HAVE TITLES BUT NO MONEY

Aristocracy of Italy, in General, is Miserably Poor.

There is an old Venetian adage which says "Conte che non conta non conta niente" ("a count who doesn't count [money] doesn't count for anything"). And this cynical proposition it is said represents fairly well the sentiment of the modern Italian. In that country the general feeling toward the titled aristocracy is of utter indifference. The lesser sort of titles are regarded as almost valueless, even by their possessors. "I have known," says a writer, "a case of a noble lord who followed the interesting occupation of a street scavenger. In a cafe in a certain Italian town I was habitually served by a waiter with the title of count and a name famous in Venetian history. And I am personally acquainted with a lord of ancient lineage whose title descended from a father engaged in the vocation of railway porter. In general, the aristocracy of Italy is miserably poor."

Chinese Etiquette.

Strangers meeting in China may freely ask one another their names, provinces and their business prospects. It is always considered a compliment to an old Chinaman to ask him his age, but the middle aged do not as a rule care for the question, and their answers can rarely be depended upon. It is also good form in China to ask the number and sex of a man's children, also if his father and mother are still living. His wife, however, must not be mentioned, even in the most indirect manner. Friends meeting, either or both in sedan chairs, stop their bearers at once and get out with all possible expedition. The same rule applies to acquaintances meeting on horseback.

The Nile Stripped of Romance.

Capt. E. S. Grogan, author of "The Nile as I Saw It," gives this description of a bit of scenery near the headwaters of the river of Egypt: "A long, slimy pool of putrefying reeds, where fowl fish foregather and great pythons writhe and gorge themselves on hideous toads and slither, long, gleaming bands of gold, through labyrinths of foetid green and purple spume; where the fireflies dance, great butterflies flash, dragon-flies glisten, and the suck-suck of swamp, the roar of huge-bellied frogs, the cicada's scream, merge in a sad minor key; where in the senseless struggle between fruitfulness and decay, death wins."

Ever Notice This?

You have looked at a clock thousands of times and yet not know that the four 1's which are in place of the usual IV, are there because of the obstinacy of a king of France. When Henry de Vick carried to Charles V, the first really accurate clock, the monarch informed him that the IV, was wrong, and should be changed to III. Vick said, "You are wrong, your majesty." Whereat the king thundered out, "I am never wrong! Take it away and correct the mistake!" From that time to this day the four 1's have stood as the mark of the fourth hour.

Full Particulars.

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question, "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person. The boy sat quite still as if pondering over some question and then, concluding that the full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-one."—Ladies Home Journal.

Grateful to the Mule.

Cotton must be plentiful with a few Billville citizens. To one of the fortunate cotton farmers there a neighbor addressed the following note recently: "Will you please lend me two bales of cotton to take a mortgage off my mule? There is a sentiment in regard to this mule which induces me to ask this small favor. The mule went through the civil war with me, and went so fast not a Yankee could catch me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

King Edward's Chaplain

The oldest clergyman in England is the Rev. John Edward Kempe, who has been in holy orders for seventy-two years, being now ninety-five years of age. He has been chaplain-in-ordinary to King Edward since 1901.

Safes Safes Safes Safes

Fire proof safes are nearly one-half the price they were formerly, so we are informed by the F. L. Conger Safe Company, No. 16 West Grand avenue, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Purchasable Voters

John W. Kern a former democratic candidate for governor, is credited with the statement that in one Indiana county with 4,000 votes there are 3,000 purchasable democrats and republicans, about equally divided as to numbers.

Trials of Winter.

Do not permit yourself to be a victim to a cold or cough. They lead to pneumonia, consumption and elsewhere. Be wise; use Simmons' Cough Syrup. It cures coughs, heals lungs and will keep you right here to enjoy the beauties of spring.

Old Inn's Secret Chamber

A secret chamber, furnished in old oak, was unexpectedly discovered during the demolition of the Plough inn, Little Ealing, England. The inn is five hundred years old. The grandmother of Dick Turpin, the highwayman, once kept it.

When Your Grocer Says

he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

"How's your case coming?" inquired his sympathizing friend.

"It's all over but the alimony," returned the care-free man, wearily.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Dr. J. C. HATCHER

Ammonium Sulfate
Sulphate of Soda
Sulphate of Potash
Sulphate of Magnesia
Sulphate of Lime
Sulphate of Iron
Sulphate of Zinc
Sulphate of Copper

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

For Similar Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

NEW YORK.

ALL MONTHS OLD

35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine-Syrup of Figs- is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine-Syrup of Figs

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more good, brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—New to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

"Haven't I met you before?"
"Your face seems familiar."
"Well, I have been cured by several patent medicines."

It Will Stay There.

"In my family medicine chest no remedy is permitted to remain unless it proves beyond doubt the best to be obtained for its particular purpose."

"For treating all manner of skin troubles, such as Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, etc., Hunt's Cure has held its place for many years. I have failed to find a surer remedy. It cures itching instantly."

R. M. Swann, Franklin, La.

A man frequently bows to the inevitable, though he has not been introduced.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

W. N. U.—Oklahoma City—No 1, 1906

DEFIANCE STARCH

Health and Strength follow its use.

DR. PRICE'S

WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD

has an advantage over all other foods. It can be eaten hot or cold. From the package ready to eat, or prepared by the addition of boiling milk. Stirred into boiling hot milk: to the consistency of mush, served hot with cream and sugar: for young children, elderly persons, invalids, all classes, there is no breakfast food that can compare with it. It's flavor delicious—satisfies hunger—easily digested and meets the needs of the entire body. You will never know what a good breakfast food is until you eat this food, served Hot in Winter and Cold in Summer.

Nutritious—Palatable—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat

My Signature on every package

Dr. J. C. Price

Dr. Price, the famous food expert, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts.

FOR SALE BY ALL REPRESENTATIVE GROCERS

"10 Cents a Package. As much nourishment as three loaves of bread."

ADA EVENING NEWS.
OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER & CO., PUBLISHERS
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at
Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

In the Times-Journal's write-up of the big Jackson banquet at
Oklahoma City there appears the following paragraph concerning
the speech of our fellow townsman, Judge H. M. Furman:

"But the great impromptu speech of the evening was received
from Judge Henry M. Furman of Ada, I. T., always mentioned as
the probable candidate for the United States Senate from Indian
Territory, should we get statehood. Mr. Furman is without any
doubt a strong political factor and is very popular. He spoke
strongly on the subject of the 'Sovereignty of the Citizens' and hit
the keynote of the banquet and of the democratic gathering when
he claimed that he wanted the senators from the two territories to
be named by a primary. Loud calls for Senator Furman were
heard at this time."

Whatever may be the ambitions of Judge Furman, his was a
noteworthy address. The sentiments he expressed will be heartily
endorsed by all patriotic people and be secretly cursed by the other
sort whose purpose it is to thwart the will of the people. To the
fact that the people have had no voice in the selection of many United
States senators is attributable the deplorable disrepute into
which the United States senate has fallen. The masses are waking
up to their rights and their responsibilities and they will see that
the new state of Oklahoma starts off right; that no man shall become
senator through purchase, trade or intrigue. Ere long there will be
a constitutional amendment providing for election of senators by
popular vote. In the meantime the best makeshift and only alterna-
tive is to make every senatorial aspirant submit his chances to the
party primary. This will not suit some of the so-called leaders and
some of the "special interests" in the new state. But we confidently
predict that the same will be done.

LOCAL NEWS

B. A. Mason left for Coalgate.
R. C. Couch went to Wewoka.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, phone 185.
tf 198

Frank Little arrived in town
from Romona.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now
photo work. 152-tf

Mrs. W. H. Wheeler is very
sick today with pneumonia.

For fine confectionery and
fruits the Elite leads. 26-244

A. M. McKoy's little boy is
right sick.

Dr. B. H. Erb, surgeon den-
tist, Henley & Biles building,
238-tf

Good prairie hay for sale. J.
L. Barringer. 238-34t

Mrs. Betta Martin, after
transacting business in Ada,
went home to Lehigh.

The Elite Cafe serves the best
short orders in the city. 26-244

Dr. Gust, a kinsman of Mrs.
A. H. Chapman, is here from
Dustin, I. T.

Wedding announcements the
up-to-date kind at the News. 96-
150

Stillwell H. Russell, of Arden-
more is in the city on professional
business.

Wedding announcements the
up-to-date kind at the News. 96-
150

J. H. Thompson, a prominent
factor of local business through
his credit to Main.

Eugene Laurant, in his great
dilemma, "The Victim of the Flame,"
Saturday night, Jan. 12. 31-252

Miss Kathryn Gater of North
Verona, a prominent newspaper
woman of Indiana, is prospecting
in the territory and is spending
a few days in Ada.

Make Good -
Resolutions
For the New Year.

RESOLVE to give your
feet all the comfort
possible.

Keep this resolution by
buying your shoes from

Chapman
The Shoeman

Corn feed mill Katy depot.
252-3t

Miss Mollie Russell is quite
sick with pneumonia.

Messrs. J. W. Hays and W. A.
Alexander went to Stonewall to-
day.

Parties wanting repair work done on
electric lights or water works will
phone me at No. 237, or leave orders
at residence phone 157. Wm. Mark-
ham. 31-251

Miss Claudia Moyer having
completed a visit with her uncle,
J. J. Luttrell, returned home to
Pryor Creek today.

Miss Ella Seales after a pleas-
ant visit with Mrs. Tom Hope re-
turned today to her home at Hol-
lenville.

Laurant carries a ton of bag-
gage and will transform the
stage into a magician's palace.
At opera house Saturday night,
Jan. 12. 31-252

Rev. Wharton, the new Chris-
tian pastor, is moving into the
Mount Morris residence on South
Broadway.

For RENT: Two fine rooms
for light housekeeping; also room
for young men; one block of
town. See Nash, at shoe store.
253-tf

Mrs. B. B. Beasley has been
visiting her mother, Mrs. A. L.
Thoma, and returned to Stone-
wall today.

N. E. Four of Gkimulgee, book
agent for the Methodist Confer-
ence, is spending two or three
days in the city.

Miss Edna Fitcher, who is
visiting in Oklahoma, is to be
married next Saturday to E. J.
French, an W. K. & T. conduc-
tor.

Rev. E. A. Wesson, the quon-
iam popular pastor of the Ada
Baptist church, has removed
from Hereford, Texas, to Arzo-
rilla.

Miss Wilson and Miss Oneita
Wilson, of Denver, Colo., stopped
off for a short visit with Mrs. W.
S. Thomson, going on to Ft.
Worth this forenoon.

Dr. and Mrs. N. B. Brecken-
ridge departed today for a several
months' sojourn in Old Mexico.
They will be joined at Ft. Worth
by Dr. and Mrs. Lisle, who for-
merly lived in Ada.

T. D. McKeown's father, T. B.
McKeown, and family arrived this
forenoon from Chester, S. C.
They have removed permanently
from the East and will stop tem-
porarily with the son.

J. A. Fitch, a substantial farm-
er erstwhile of Bebee, has re-
cently moved to near Center.
The News will in future reach
him at the latter place.

Mrs. F. W. Bohanna and little
daughter returned today from
Wellington, Kansas, whither
they went some days ago to see a
sick kinsman. Their many friends
will regret to learn that they will
remove to Shawnee tomorrow to
make that place their home.



TIME OF TRAINS
ADA, I. T.
THE RIGHT TRAINS
BETWEEN

St. Louis,
Hannibal,
Kansas City,
Junction City,
Oklahoma City,
In the North,
and all points beyond.
Houston,
Dallas,
Fort Worth,
San Antonio,
Galveston,
in Texas,
and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 112 Express, daily, 4 05 p m
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11 53 a m
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 111 Express, daily, 11 53 a m
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 2 16 p m



TIME CARD.
Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp, 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 509 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 8:13 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry
passengers provided with per-
mits. Ten per cent saved on the
purchase of round trip tickets.
I. McNair, Agent.

Commissioners Court.

Late Tuesday the jury returned
a verdict in the case of S. C. Hu-
lett vs. R. D. Bell. \$100 was sued
for and the jury gave \$5.00.

Commissioner has moved his
office upstairs in the court build-
ing to the room labeled d, "U. S. At-
torney" and is now most com-
fortably quartered. Perhaps,
from the outlook he does not ex-
pect any attorney to be appointed
in this district to claim the office.

Under New Management.

The management of the Ada
opera house, which for some time
has been in the hands of Chitwood
& Constant, is now looked after
by Constant & Parks, the latter
purchasing Mr. Chitwood's inter-
est. Harry Parks is a good man
for the place and we are sure the
theatre going public of Ada will
be furnished the best there is in
the way of entertainment, as
their bookings will admit of no
"Jim Cornutassell" shows in the
future.

Notice!

All knowing themselves in debt
to us are requested to settle or
make satisfactory arrangements
within five days, after which we
will be compelled to enter suit. Please
do not fail to appear within
prescribed time, thereby saving
expense of serving process.

This the eleventh day of Janu-
ary, 1906. Reed & Harrison.
253-3t

Notice

Please know that I have
been selected to the firm of W. P.
Henderson & Co., with house pay
at once and salary, etc.
252-3t with W. S. Kerr, Trustee.

Buy your coffee, tea, extracts,
etc. from the largest dealer, Tom
Cox, and get some of the best and
some present. Finest of Goods
delivered to any part of the city
31-251.

Architect G. H. Kerr, returned
from St. Louis today. He will
superintend the construction of
the new \$5,000 school build-
ing at that place, which will be
up in a few days.

"Nothing new under the sun,"
you say. Yes there is. Eugene
Laurant at the opera house Sat-
urday night, Jan. 12. An enter-
tainment, the like of which has
never been in our city before.
31-252

Great Bargains in
REALESTATE

I have the following bargains in real
estate which if taken in the next 30
days will be sold at reduced prices:

IMPROVED PROPERTY.
Four 25-foot lots on East Main St.
Two 50-foot lots on 15th street, with
4-room house.
Three 50-foot lots on corner Broad-
way and Sixth street.
One lot and building known as the
mayor's office.

VACANT PROPERTY.
Two 50-foot lots on West Main St.
Four 50-foot lots in North Ada.
Two 50-foot lots on East Sixth St.
Also 20 acres of land, one-half in
cultivation, two miles due north
of Ada National Bank.

J. M. BRUNNER,
Citizens National Bank Building.

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D.D.S.,
Manager,
DOSS & GRANGER
Pioneer
Dental
Office
ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
PHONE 212.

WANTS

FOR RENT—Two fine rooms
for light housekeeping; also room
for young men; one block of
town. See Nash, at shoe store.
253-tf

LOST—My four year old boy
named Jack. Completion dark.
Stolen away by my husband Dec.
26, who deserted me at Francis,
I. T., leaving with wagon and
mule team, in company with two
grown brothers. Any informa-
tion leading to location of child
thankfully received by Mrs. T.
A. Crain, Francis, I. T. 253-8t

TO RENT—5 room cottage on 16th
street. H. C. Thompson, Ada National
Bank. 41-251

LOST—A hunting case, silver-
oid watch, last Saturday. Please
return to

GEORGE DAVIDSON,
31-250 Telephone office.

FOR RENT: Two furnished bed
rooms; centrally located. Mrs.
Barnett. 252-8t

FOR SALE: Mules to sell on
time. U. G. Winn. tf 250

FOR SALE: Two large fine
mules; one nearly new three inch
wagon; one set splendid wagon
harness, for cash. Apply to Sol
Moss. 246-tf

FOR RENT One 5-room in
"Sunrise"—Mrs. J. E. Lahan.
31-251

FOR SALE—Household goods,
Incubator, one double harness
and one single harness.—Mrs. J.
E. Lahan. 31-251

Parties holding season tickets
of the Ada Lyceum Course can
have them reserved for Eugene
Laurant, the Magician, by calling
at Clark's drug store. 31-252

Reed & Harrison
Wholesale Buggies
and Retail

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices.

To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, Southwest?
It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine).
It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and ar-
ticles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates
in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid
the Southwest in all her aims, for more people, for more factories, for advantageous
legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for
a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in
settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on
application. Address

Southwest, 1021 Frisco Building, St. Louis

OSTERMOOR
MATTRESS
BUILT NOT STUFFED
\$15 FULL SIZE
GUARANTEED NOT TO MAT OR PACK
For Sale by W. C. Duncan.

HENRY M. FURMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will do a general Civil and
Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

CITY BARBER SHOP,
D. A. DORSEY, Prop.
First Class Work guaranteed.
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.
South Side Main St. Ada, I. T.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.
Is given up to be best. Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in this Territory.

Accept No Substitute
There is nothing just as good
for malaria, chills and fever as
Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever
Cure. Take it as a general tonic
and at all times in place of qui-
nine. If it fails to give satisfac-
tion Clark Drug Co. will refund
your money.

COAL! COAL!
REMEMBER we are still in the
Coal Business and handle the best
grades of Lehigh and McAlester
Coal, and will sell it on a close
margin. We also carry in stock
stove, heater and coal wood.
PHONE 140.

ADA COAL CO.

FOLLOW THE CROWD

They are going to get their
fall suits and trousers at the

NEW TAILOR

Shop in the east of CHAP-
MAN'S shoe store. Sweet-
est, snappiest line of woo-
dens ever shown in Ada, so
cheap too.

Quality and fit guaranteed.
High class cleaning, steam
dyeing, "indies" and mens'
clothing

NASH, the Tailor.

To All Our Freinds
And Patrons We
Wish

A Prosperous
New Year.

We will move about
January 1st to the build-
ing formerly occupied by
Mr. Alexander, a better
house in which to show
our goods.

Thanking you for all
past favors and soliciting
a continuance of same, I am

Yours Respectfully,
S. M. SHAW.

Dimes
Look
Small

Much smaller than usual
in comparison with those
big bargains that they
will buy during the next
few days before we move.
Think of buying a gold
decorated dinner plate of
fine white, some porce-
lain, and cups and saucers
to match all for a dime.
Good heavy hammers 10c.
Ash shovels, nicely enu-
merated that you'll consider
good value at 15c. we sell
them for 5c; and so on all
through the store—really
if you don't visit us dur-
ing this sale you'll mis-
some of the biggest bar-
gains that have ever been
given by us.

5c
Nickel Store.

S. M. Shaw, Prop
The 5c and 10c store
of Ada, I. T.
Phone 77.